

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,688, Vol. 65.

March 3, 1888.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

## THE DEPTFORD ELECTION.

FEW recent elections have excited more interest than that at Deptford, and probably the result of none has been awaited with less sanguine feelings by Unionists. Except goodness of cause, Mr. BLUNT had almost everything on his side. The normal strength of the Radical party in Deptford was shown by the large minorities which such an absolutely ridiculous candidate as Mr. GHOSE was able to show against an antagonist of unusual local strength. "How many will Mr. EVELYN take over with him?" was the question asked, not without anxiety, by those best acquainted with the facts. It is the general experience that when a popular local member changes sides, he carries, at any rate for a time, the constituency with him; and though Mr. EVELYN, having more grace than Mr. BUCHANAN at Edinburgh, did not present himself to obtain as a Black those suffrages which but a few months ago he asked as a White, Mr. BLUNT was in many respects his *alter ego*. The imprisonment of the Gladstonian candidate gave him at least three advantages. It created a sentimental interest in him among one class, a fellow-feeling among another, and it prevented him from doing or saying any of the silly things which, from his past history, he pretty certainly would have done or said had he been present. The two great engines of the Irish Nationalist propaganda—misrepresentation and violence—have been resorted to without shame or stint on the Separatist side; and violence has been carried to such a pitch that it may very well have frightened away some timid or lukewarm "respectables" from a scene where Mr. DARLING himself was repeatedly attacked and Colonel GRAHAM seriously injured. Irish or Radical rowdies have constantly attempted to break up Mr. DARLING's meetings, and have made argument impossible at them. Mr. GLADSTONE has not spared his personal influence in a neighbourhood which he once represented, and from which, contrary to his usual electoral experiences, he was never actually ejected. Yet, in spite of all this, Mr. DARLING has very largely increased Mr. EVELYN's poll, and kept quite enough of Mr. EVELYN's majority. We have invariably set our faces against the foolish exultation and the equally foolish depression sometimes shown at the results of single elections. But if Separatists will appeal to such things as showing the course of the tide, Unionists may certainly allow them to do so with great equanimity as far as the recent group of such elections is concerned. The retention of Southwark by an increased, and the retention of Mr. BUCHANAN by a narrow, majority must be but cold comfort against the great drop of Separatist votes at Dundee, the unrelieved and serious defeat at Doncaster, the necessity of letting Hampstead go unchallenged, and the failure with quite exceptional advantages to carry Deptford. If such a thing may be said of any bye-elections, it may be said of Doncaster and Deptford combined, that judging from two large constituencies of the most opposite character no change in the general sentiment of England towards Home Rule has taken place. And if anything more could be wanted to prove the Separatist disappointment, it would be the falling back of Gladstonians on the old stories of Burnley and Coventry and Spalding. "My grandsire drew a good 'bow at the battle of Hastings' was a plea about as pertinent.

There is a habit among good players at not a few games of considering, even in case of a win, whether they could not have played better, and it is well not to neglect this in the present instance. No such reproach as was justly brought against the Tories of Southwark could be brought against those of Deptford in the matter of work. But the intimidation and violence of Gladstonian roughs above referred to is a matter which is common to both the constituencies, and it requires careful looking to. It is, of

course, natural in those English agitators who have not hesitated to make the natural dislike of a section of the population to the police an engine for political use, and still more in those Irish agitators whose whole tradition, whose whole argument, whose be-all and end-all as politicians is the use of violence. But it is exceedingly discreditable that it should be allowed either to prevail, or even to exercise any considerable influence. It is sometimes said that there are police and police-courts. But, in the first place, there are strong and obvious reasons why the police should interfere as little as possible in electoral meetings; and, in the second place, it is by no means so easy as may be thought to draw the exact line where horseplay ends and actual illegal violence begins. On the other hand, the employment of paid "chuckers-out," though sometimes unavoidable, is discreditable in itself, has many inconveniences, not infrequently fails to effect its object, and sometimes brings those who use it into trouble. In all constituencies where there is a rowdy element there ought to be no difficulty in arranging a force of volunteer guardians of order who could make it exceedingly unpleasant for those persons who are hired to introduce into England, on a mild and timid scale at first, the practices of the Home Rule Danites in Ireland. British youth has no absolute dislike to a row, and, being athletic, is often capable of making a very efficient example of a rowdy. Organization of this kind would, of course, require care and intelligence; but we are not aware that there is any kind of political organization which does not require those qualities. At any rate, Southwark and Deptford have shown that the Gladstonian party, despairing of success otherwise, has made up its mind to use intimidation of the kind which is not unlikely to be effective, and which, from its character, is very difficult to make the ground of a petition in case it is successful. And it is not to be tolerated that such means should be successfully, or even unsuccessfully, employed.

Mr. MORLEY's speech at the Oxford Union and its result, though they will scarcely cause the heart of any Unionist to beat high with hope, must discourage those Separatists who devote themselves to the straw-and-wind or straw-and-tide study. The five hundred undergraduates and the seventy or eighty graduates who have been boasted of as Home Rulers in the University which King ALFRED did not found appear to exercise a judicious *distinguo* in their support of the dogma. They will dine for it, but they will not vote for it. That, however, is of less importance than the character of Mr. MORLEY's speech. And we confess that we are surprised that a man of Mr. MORLEY's acuteness—a man who was once an Oxford undergraduate himself—should have selected the kind of arguments which he did select for that particular assembly. The "eternal 'undergraduate,' as he has been called, has his merits and his defects. It may be a defect or a merit that he has, as a rule, a lofty contempt for peddling details; it certainly is a merit that he does not like "funk." Now Mr. MORLEY had nothing to produce but his old plea that the Irish are dreadfully violent people, and that they will "teach 'treason and hatch murder' if you do not let them—what shall we say?—teach sedition and hatch cattle-maiming. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had taken exactly the opposite line. And then Mr. MORLEY went into a wilderness of petty cases about PATRICK THIS, who got six weeks, which Mr. MORLEY thinks he ought not to have got, and DENIS THAT, who got a week more than Mr. MORLEY thinks he should. There can hardly have been a freshman present who did not say to himself, "I daresay 'there may have been individual hardships in carrying out 'coercion, but whose fault is it that coercion has to be 'carried out!' And as even freshmen are not above reading newspapers, the person who thought this must have

had his thought strengthened when he read next day the correspondence between Mr. WILBERFORCE and Mr. KING. To begin with, these awful examples are irrelevant, and to follow, they are too frequently inexact. When a prominent party leader has nothing to bring forward but such things in particular, and in general an argument for running away, he must not be surprised if he does not carry an undergraduate audience with him. And we shall add that, in refusing so to be carried, the undergraduate audience showed itself to be animated by the common sense which animated the majorities of Doncaster and Deptford, and which, it may be hoped, will continue to animate the people of England.

#### THE SENTENCE ON M. WILSON.

THE comparative severity of the sentence passed on M. WILSON may possibly cause some surprise in England. It may seem that in a country where manslaughter is generally condoned, and the throwing of vitriol by angry women is counted a peccadillo, two years' imprisonment, five years' deprivation of all civil rights, and a fine of 3,000 francs is a very severe punishment for the offence to make bargains for the sale of the cross of the Legion of Honour. But this is not the only wonderful thing about the trial of M. GRÉVY's son-in-law. The proceedings were amazing to an Englishman who is not more or less accustomed to French judicial habits. A judge of First Instance who dines at a café with a person suspected of criminal practices, and then uses a telephone in his name to trap an accomplice, is a wonderful object enough, and it must be allowed was too much even for the French. The trial itself was as astounding as the preliminaries. Witnesses talked at large, and were never cross-examined; irrelevant matter was introduced copiously, the President of the Court prejudged the case, wrangled with the accused and the witnesses, and was snubbed by counsel. The advocates appealed to sentiment, and eschewed argument, for which, no doubt, they had their reasons. M. LENTÉ, who acted for M. WILSON, is held to have gained a great forensic triumph, though to an Englishman he seems to have indulged in a great deal of easy loose assertion, and some lachrymose appeals to pity. His picture of M. GRÉVY in his melancholy fall dissolved the court into tears. M. LENTÉ himself sat down overcome with emotion. The President wiped his eyes, whether with a law document, his hands, or his pocket-handkerchief, we are not told. There was not a journalist or lady in the hall whose eyes were not turned into fountains of running water, and for a good space naught was heard save sobs and snuffling. This, however, is the old practice of French tribunals. "Monsieur, voyez nos larmes," as L'Intimé, a distinguished predecessor of M. LENTÉ's, observed on a somewhat similar occasion, and he produced his effect on the judge. This time the judge took a week to think, and was not unduly influenced by the "famille désolée." What to us appears not the least astonishing feature of the whole business is that M. WILSON, who has got two years and the rest, was only tried as an accessory, while the principals got off with from eight to one month and no rest. Mme. RATAZZI, again, who is proved on equally good evidence to have been mixed up in the traffic, escapes scot free. The lady has luck; but the distinction made in her favour is good cricket as the game is played in French courts.

There is still an appeal to the Supreme Court, which will probably reduce the sentence, but it does seem as if justice had been done—in a rather popular fashion, certainly, but done none the less. From the uncontradicted assertions made, and from M. WILSON's own defence, it is plain that, if he did not directly sell his influence with his father-in-law to secure nominations to the Legion of Honour, he was willing to make money for his newspapers by allowing it to be believed that his help could be bought. This is the most favourable view which can be taken of his conduct, and even that is more than he deserves, if the evidence of M. DELIZY is to be accepted. Since the French law provides a punishment for this offence, it was right that M. WILSON should suffer. As he undoubtedly employed RIBAudeau and DUBREUIL, it would have been a miscarriage of justice if he had escaped more easily than they did because he was technically only an accessory. Now, however, that the business is over, Frenchmen—at least the Republicans—have certainly some cause to regret that it was ever brought so far. Any good it may do as a warning to future possible imitators of M. WILSON must be more than counterbalanced by the dis-

credit of the scandal. M. GRÉVY was, after all, the twice-elected chief of the State, and the ignoble disaster which has overtaken him must, to some and no small extent, reflect on the Government of which he was the head. No ruler of France ever fell among such surroundings. The Third Republic, which was already sufficiently besmirched, is now dirtier than ever, and no Government, even in France, recovers certain kinds of discredit. If the pertinacity displayed in running down M. WILSON shows that the French are unmerciful to some forms of intrigue, it shows still more clearly the rancour of the clique hatreds which divide the Republicans. The trial has proved the truth of the charge often brought against the politicians of the present Government, that they are surrounded by a discreditable society of brokers of places and managers of bribes. The Republic must suffer by the demonstration. It is discredited, and the jibes of its enemies are made more telling. The feeling that it is scandalous and ignoble will be strengthened, and so will the belief that it is weak, which will certainly not be counterbalanced by anything the Chamber is doing. In a country in which no sanctity attaches to any form of government, this loss of character—where there was not too much to lose—must bring on a crisis of some kind at no distant date. The fact that 50,000 votes have been given spontaneously to General BOULANGER in widely distant constituencies is an awkward sign for the present race of politicians. It shows that, in spite of apparent failure and his recent comparative obscurity, he is still popular, and popular elsewhere than in Paris. There are apparently many voters who believe him to be the man to whom they must look to pull the country out of its present condition of division and weakness. A man, and particularly a soldier, who is considered in that way is apt to go far in France.

#### MR. COTTER MORISON.

NO shock of painful surprise can have accompanied the regret with which the friends of the late Mr. COTTER MORISON heard the news of his death. For more than two years past his health had been declining with distressing rapidity, and the disease from which he was suffering was one which seldom or never spares. Not even the most resolutely hopeful of those who saw him lately could have anticipated for him any permanent recovery; we believe that to most of them the end appeared as near as in fact it was. Could his life, indeed, have been prolonged in the state of physical and mental exhaustion to which his wasting malady had reduced him, the boon, to a man of his temperament, would have been a more than doubtful one. The discovery made by the writer of one obituary notice that a decline of his intellectual faculties is traceable in his latest work is perhaps a little fanciful; but few who knew him doubted that that work would be his last, and many must have regretted that neither in it nor in any of his previous writings, admirable as in many respects these latter are, has he left behind him any adequate monument of his remarkable powers. As it is, he adds another name to the not inconsiderable list of writers who pass a good part of their lives in the preparation of an *opus magnum* which is never destined to see the light. Mr. MORISON had for years been meditating an elaborate history of the growth of French institutions from, it is believed, the time of CHARLEMAGNE down to the overthrow of the *ancien régime*. No one could have been better fitted by tastes, attainments, and abilities for such a task than he. In pursuance of it he was understood to have accumulated a mass of valuable materials, and in particular to have devoted a closer and more minute study to the fiscal and jurisprudential sides of the French polity during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than any English scholar had yet bestowed upon them. From time to time he has whetted the curiosity of the literary world by the publication in one or other of the periodicals of some brilliant fragments of his work. But it never grew to its completion in his lifetime, and in what stage of maturity he has left it we are unable to say.

A review of Mr. MORISON's career can hardly fail to revive—it has, indeed, already revived—the eternal question as to whether ample competence and abundant leisure are really better for the student than those opposite conditions under which so much of the world's work has been actually done. It cannot be said that in Mr. MORISON's case they produced their commonest and least satisfactory effect. There was



certainly nothing of the dilettante about him, in the sense, at any rate, in which dilettantism is only another name for the literary recreations of the elegant trifler. All his work, or all at least which he has ever given to the world, was eminently of the thorough and conscientious kind. But it may be doubted whether his complete exemption from all external pressure did not tend to foster that excessive intellectual fastidiousness which is almost as fatal as indolence itself to the achievement of such a task as Mr. MORISON had set himself. He was an ardent admirer of MACAULAY, and even a frequent, though perhaps an unconscious imitator of his manner; and we all know that a writer with unlimited time on his hands, and a keen appreciation of style, may easily continue polishing epigrams and balancing antitheses from manhood to past middle age. It may not be good for any man to work always with the spur of necessity in his flanks; but perhaps an occasional touch of that wholesome stimulus is necessary for most of us. It is not impossible, too, that the brilliancy of another gift than that of literary expression may have occasionally exercised a distracting effect upon his work. He was one of the most admirable of talkers, as excellent in manner as in matter, and one of those rare masters of the art who seem to use it far more for bringing out the conversational powers of their company than for the display of their own. With his store of accurate and varied knowledge, and his unflinching command of felicitous expression, with the wit, good sense, and intellectual enthusiasm which he brought to bear upon his subject, he could not fail to take a prominent part in any discussion; yet he never left upon any mind the impression of having appropriated more than his due share of the conversation. No doubt there are some minds which are only braced and quickened for the labour of the study by these exercises of the salon. But there are again others which find their store of intellectual energy sensibly reduced by them, and Mr. MORISON's may very possibly have been a mind of this particular order. Distractions of some sort or another there must have been, or the amount of his literary production could hardly fail to have been greater. With indolence in the common acceptance of the word it would have been impossible to charge him. Nor could he be accused of that improvident dissipation of the mental activities which sometimes results from a wide variety of intellectual interests. It could not be said of him that he had "too many irons in the fire." He confined himself pretty closely, so far as is known, to that work of historical and historico-literary criticism in which he felt that his true strength lay; and it was assuredly not from attempting too much that he accomplished so little. Other causes, some of which we have conjecturally indicated, must be sought to account for the fact that the work of his pen should have fallen so curiously short of the power of his mind, and that the public can now never be expected to share that high estimate of his abilities which was universal among his private friends.

#### JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

THE venerable Uncle (surely it must be great-uncle?) of his Nephew returns, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to his charge on the Profession of Letters. The hoary sage admits that a series of letters on this topic may be regarded as making a good thing too common, and, indeed, he seems to have more difficulty than of old in coming to the point. He quotes a curious example of American journalistic manners—the brief question asked by a New York paper when one of our lecturers alighted on Western shores, "What does this old fat fool come here for?" And he fears, most unwarrantably, that, as the world beholds him again entering the lists of controversy, the world may ask itself a similar question. Perhaps there are readers who do not quite believe either in his compulgence or in his antiquity, and the substantive, of course, is most inapplicable. The sage is always a welcome sage; but it may be doubted whether he has anything new to say. Much, undoubtedly, of what he says about the profession of journalism is true, and should be read and pondered on by the young who propose to enter one of the schools of the journalists.

The real question which this Uncle, like many guardians of youth, has to answer is—What can a clever young man honourably make of himself and his talents? He may be a barrister; but the Bar is crowded. He perhaps does not wish to be a soldier. He may not care, after seven years of school

and four of Oxford, to go back again to school with the intention of passing his life there as a master. If he objects to a public office, our sympathies will not be alienated, especially as officials of his class are likely to have hard times in the future. If he has no ambition to be a college don, "sitting ay ben, Correcting college essays with a weary pen," our sympathy with him rises to enthusiasm. Finally, should he desire to make literature his profession, he must first make it seem probable that he has something to sell which the booksellers will want to buy. If he can write novels that the public will read, he may not starve; nay, he may even roll in the comparative abundance of some two thousand pounds a year—as long as he has the public favour. But it is a notable thing that not from the first-class men of the Universities come the novelists of this world. In the words of a song at one time popular, when the aged kinsman was young, they are "too jolly clever by half," with the wrong sort of cleverness. They are too critical, and, in Mr. CARLYLE's phrase, "too high-sniffing," for success in fiction. They have not enough human nature in them, or, if they have, they are too cultivated to let it find expression. There have been, and there are, University men among our novelists—THACKERAY, GUY LIVINGSTONE, Mr. PAYN, Mr. BESANT, LOCKHART, and others—but none of these University men were academic in their hearts. The Uncle is thinking of an academic young man. An American critic and professor of Greek once discovered close resemblance between Mr. R. L. STEVENSON and DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus. But it is alleged that the resemblance is accidental, and that Mr. STEVENSON's Greek is not much stronger than that of SHAKSPEARE, or of him who was called "The Greek Dunce" of Edinburgh College, and who supported the thesis that ARIOSTO was a greater poet than HOMER.

It is not likely that our academic Nephew will prove a successful novelist, and there is no livelihood to be made in any other field of book-writing, unless a man be a FROUDE, or a CARLYLE, or a MACAULAY. Probably the Nephew is not numbered among these, though he cannot be sure till he tries—till he tries with that uncompromising courage which was Mr. CARLYLE's most amiable quality. *He* would have nothing to do with Captain STERLING and journalism. But it is towards journalism that the Nephew will incline, if he wishes to live by his pen. From this endeavour the Uncle dissuades him, and he speaks wisely. Even if the Nephew confines himself purely to that kind of literature which some journals accept, his life will be precarious, and plenty of drudgery will await him. It is not true in England, as in France, that literature leads to everything—if you leave it. Political journalism occasionally leads to a political career; but there be shorter cuts; and a political career, in the present condition of affairs, may itself lead to a very short and sharp "cut" indeed. Moreover, the Nephew is supposed to want another kind of profession, not professional politics. Would any one advise him to make his choice of political journalism?

The Uncle states the disadvantages very clearly. A great authority says that a noble character may possibly be maintained in politics, but never can be made by them. Now political journalism has even more temptations to base and degrading compromises than actual politics. Being anonymous, a writer can tamper with his conscience even more easily than a man who speaks openly for himself. He may learn to sell his conscience to his paper. He will find himself carried, like a rather dirty straw, down the stream, flowing swifter and swifter day by day, where the iron pots are floating, and the pots of clay are breaking. A man with genuine revolutionary beliefs is almost the only man who can now jump into that current with a clear conscience, and a certainty that he will not be carried where he has, at present, no intention of going. Is it worth while for any other young man to try these waters? We agree with the Uncle that the experiment were better avoided. "Ranching," schoolmastering, doctoring, breaking stones on the road, are better than compromising with one's conscience, adopting a professional conscience, learning to regard such party work as a thing necessarily to be advocated, learning to regard the interests of your paper as higher than the interests of England.

Perhaps the Uncle is even too severe. "Is there, think you," he says, "an editor of one daily paper published in England who would consent to suppress any piece of intelligence, out of regard to the interests of the State, until such time as it suited those interests for it to be known?" We speak with diffidence; but we fancy that

there are such editors, and that probably more matters of news are kept thus in reserve than the Uncle supposes. But he may be right, and it is perfectly certain that the journalist's temptation is to blurt out all he knows.

#### THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

IF the new Rules of Procedure are administered in the same temper in which they have been discussed, they will serve their purpose even better than the ancient code which was largely altered in 1882. The most sanguine anticipation of their efficiency is necessarily conditional; but it is possible that, having been carried to an extreme point, the spirit of obstruction may be permanently subsiding. The worst offenders cannot but have discovered that in preventing legislation they impede the progress of change, and the revolutionary party may perhaps hereafter become impatient of restrictions on the power of the majority. The additional facilities which are offered by the new Rules for the summary closure of debate are intended to sharpen a weapon which may not always be wielded by a Conservative Minister. The Rules, as they were settled a year ago, though they could not prevent waste of time, were sufficiently stringent to enable the Government to defeat the resistance of the Nationalists and their allies. The whole Session was occupied in the contest on the Procedure Rules themselves and in the prolonged debates on the Crimes Bill. In both cases the Ministers attained their main object, and they could afford to bear with equanimity the reproach of having neglected or delayed general legislation. Their adversaries were notoriously responsible for the systematic interference with the course of business, and the process of remodelling the institutions of the country might be suspended with little inconvenience. The amiable language of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE at the opening of the current Session showed that they had reconsidered the policy which had perhaps been forced upon them by their followers. It was not their interest to provide the Government with an excuse for inaction as comprehensive as CALEDON BALDERSTON'S fire at Wolf's Crag. Both the leaders of Opposition hoped that the Local Government Bill or some other proposed measure might make an opening in the phalanx which had closed its ranks against the apologists for Irish sedition. They have accordingly determined to provide Mr. SMITH and his colleagues with an ample and, as they hoped, fatal supply of Parliamentary rope. In these circumstances it is doubtful whether the new Rules of Procedure will be adequately tested by the experience of a single Session.

The alteration in the hours of sitting has been almost unanimously approved. Every member has a personal interest in the change, though perhaps some Irish obstructionists take more pleasure in annoying their opponents than in going to bed at a reasonable hour. They may also have foreseen that, if obstruction should at any time be revived, the adjournment of the House at a fixed hour will increase the opportunities for calculated garrulity. The automatic termination, as it is called, of a sitting has long been tried on one day in the week. A few good measures and many mischievous proposals have been talked out on Wednesdays. The balance of advantage is on the side of compulsory interruption of debate; but the twelve o'clock Rule will affect serious business as well as the schemes of private members. The only security against undue prolongation of debate will consist in the frequent or periodical exercise of the power of Closure, and the contests of Ministerial majorities with the Opposition may prove to be invidious and troublesome. It is true that a Parliamentary day of eight or nine hours ought to be sufficient for the transaction of business, and it is well worth while to try the experiment of shortening night sittings. The substitution of 3 P.M. for 4 P.M. as the hour of meeting may perhaps be inconvenient to some members; but the greater number are not required to attend during the time of questions or at occasional debates on private business. Committees will probably accept the suggestion that they should sit from eleven to three, the members having not had occasion to attend the House during the greater part of the night. The House of Lords Committees have always met at 11 and have sat till 4. If the Rule proves to be inconvenient, it can at any time be rescinded, as it has no necessary connexion with the rest of the Ministerial project.

Provision was made in the Rules of 1882 for the devolution of legislative functions on so-called Grand or Standing Committees. The experiment has thus far not been success-

ful, or rather, it has seldom been tried. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bankruptcy Bill of 1883 was considered and modified by a Grand Committee with advantageous results. An important Bill for the codification of the criminal law was during the same Session dropped after it had been referred to a Grand Committee. There may, perhaps, have been two or three similar references; but the plan has not met with general favour. Attempts will now be made to apply the principle of devolution more generally; and perhaps it may be profitably applied to Bills which involve no political issue. The members will probably be nominated by the Committee of Selection, which has hitherto exhibited both impartiality and sound judgment. The main difficulty is that of inducing competent members to serve. Some of them have expressed a doubt whether a more numerous body is preferable to an old-fashioned Committee of smaller dimensions. The opinion of a Grand Committee, though it may perhaps carry with it greater weight, is still not binding on the House. If there is any considerable opposition to a measure on which a Grand Committee has reported, its labours may prove to have been wasted, as the Bill may still be debated at length. When party interests are concerned devolution would be impossible or useless. As in the Election Committees of former times, the decision of the Committees would be known as soon as the list of its members was published, though it might not even have commenced its sittings. The Notice-paper of the House of Commons already contains many projects, including a scheme of universal suffrage, on which the opinion of a Committee would be absolutely worthless. In cases where the conclusions of a Grand Committee would perhaps be accepted by the House, there would be much inconvenience in the simultaneous examination of two or three separate measures.

The complaint which has been made of the dull and commonplace character of the debates on Procedure is somewhat hypercritical. It is almost impossible to be eloquent on the details of Standing Orders. When Mr. GLADSTONE first undertook to reform the Code of Procedure, the task was not a little difficult and tedious. There was a general indisposition to diminish the established securities for freedom of debate, and the chief promoters of obstruction, then hostile to Mr. GLADSTONE, naturally wished to preserve the licence which they had systematically abused. The proposals of the present Government involve little novelty in principle, and for the most part they are suggested by recent experience. The brevity of the discussion seems to show that the promises made by Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE express their real policy, at least for the present Session. They have, perhaps, reminded their followers that the Conservatives may not have consulted their own interest in strengthening the hands of the majority. Mr. DILLON could not refrain from threatening the Government with retaliation if his own friends succeed to power. He apparently assumes that, by the provisions of the next Home Rule Bill, the Irish members will retain their seats in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. SMITH, who has conducted the debate with his usual good temper and tact, might have replied, if it had been necessary to answer Mr. DILLON'S challenge, that the present business is to restrain Irish disorder, even at the risk of facilitating the exercise of Irish tyranny hereafter. It is impossible to take profound interest in the question whether the names of the majority or of the minority should be published when the Speaker, under the new Rules, calls on members to rise in their places. The penal clauses of the new code provoked less opposition than might have been expected. It is true that the punishments which are to be inflicted on Irish or English offenders against decency and order are not calculated to strike terror into their minds. Almost all the resolutions proposed by the Government have been carried without difficulty, though much might have been said of the proposal that orators may be silenced when they indulge too freely in useless repetition. It appears that, according to the best interpretation of the new Rule, it will be permissible for a member to repeat the arguments of others, but not his own. If the Speaker construes his duties liberally, an effective check will be imposed on excessive loquacity.

It has perhaps not occurred to those who are endeavouring to regulate the proceedings of the House of Commons that entirely new Rules of Procedure must be framed if at any time an Irish Parliament should be created. In that contingency the Imperial Legislature must submit to limitations of its power which would necessarily be embodied in a written Constitution. If the control of the police, of finance,



or of any other branch of government were entrusted to the subordinate Legislature, some external authority must decide on the competence of the Imperial Parliament to exercise any power which it might suppose itself to have reserved. Restrictions of its former omnipotence must be recognized in its own code of procedure. Parliament is not at present liable to encounter the objection that any of its proceedings are *ultra vires*. It is remarkable that the same politician who exults over the alleged non-existence of fundamental laws should at the same time attempt to substitute a federal compact for absolute sovereignty. In the meantime the House of Commons is well employed in devising schemes for the prevention of obstructive practices. Such precautions would have been superfluous only a few years ago. A legislative assembly in which all, or nearly all, the members are loyally desirous to perform their duty, requires only simple rules to maintain the freedom and regularity of debate. The new Rules will perhaps save during the present Session as much Parliamentary time as has been devoted to their enactment.

#### THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

IT is, no doubt, difficult to find just ground of complaint against the decision of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in the matter of the Wimbledon rifle ranges, but it is impossible not to regret it on more grounds than one. The reply of Messrs. JARRETT, the Duke's solicitors, to the last proposal of the National Rifle Association—namely, for the purchase of 120 acres of his land behind the butts and lying between them and Coombe Wood—is beyond question the reply which would have been received from the solicitors of ninety-nine out of every hundred landowners similarly situated, and we have no right, perhaps, to expect even a Royal Duke, commanding-in-chief, to be the hundredth. At the same time, and having regard to the serious consequences which that decision will entail upon the National Rifle Association, we must confess that we had rather it had come from almost any other quarter. The particular facts on which the DUKE founds his conclusion that the sale of this particular portion of his land "would be a most serious injury to the estate, and might interfere very seriously with its development hereafter," are, we will assume, incontestable; we do not find, indeed, that they were contested—or, at least, to any purpose—at the recent meeting of the Association. If it be the fact that rifle-bullets do at present pass the proposed boundary of the ranges, and fall into Coombe Wood, then undoubtedly something else falls also—*cudit questio*. It is certainly no sufficient answer to say that this could only happen when rifles are "fired somewhat at random into the air above the line of targets," and that "only experienced shots use the Wimbledon ranges." Spots which are only safe from the impact of rifle-bullets so long as every one out of a large number of riflemen is shooting in reasonably good form cannot be described as eligible plots of building land. Lord WANTAGE, moreover, who advanced the proposition just criticized, took no account of the fact that the contemplated introduction of a new rifle for practice with an increased range will still further diminish the area which can be regarded as safe from the occasional invasion of its projectiles.

Nevertheless we are disposed to agree, on the whole, with the same speaker as to the very serious consequences of a removal of the meeting from Wimbledon. It may be too much perhaps to speak of it, in Lord WANTAGE's terms, as "a crushing blow to the future of the Association." That is to take the worst view of the matter, and to assume both that no fresh arrangements can be made for the retention of Wimbledon and that no equally, or nearly equally, satisfactory meeting-place can be obtained elsewhere. Yet we must admit that, while the first solution appears on financial grounds to be unattainable, the second will, to any one who considers the condition of the problem, seem even more remote. The substituted meeting-place must be on land owned by the Association; it must be in the immediate neighbourhood of an extent of open ground sufficient for a Volunteer encampment on a large scale; it must, above all, be near London—that is a point of first importance—and there must be complete and easy access to it by railway. Any one who endeavours to think of a spot which will satisfy all these conditions will find it a very discouraging task. Insufficiency of space excludes half a dozen

eligible meeting-places within ready reach of London. Distance from London is fatal to those at which unoccupied ground is plentiful, and can be acquired at a reasonable cost. The mere suggestion of such places as Pirbright and Hassocks Gate is enough to show the desperate character of the problem in one of its aspects, while an observation of the Chairman's throws a strong light on its apparent hopelessness from another point of view. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Lord WANTAGE said, was "also moved by a conviction that the increased range and penetration of modern rifles are destined soon to render all populous districts unsuitable for the purpose of rifle practice." If this conviction be well founded, it will follow from it that even the few districts in the neighbourhood of London which are still suitable for this purpose will cease in a short time to retain that character. The Wimbledon meeting, if its popularity is to be preserved at all, must continue to be held in some district which, if not exactly populous at the moment, is within the area of expansion of the most populous and most expansive city in the world. This, however, is a reason for making renewed efforts at an arrangement for the retention of the present site. It is apparently only to a sale of this particular amount of his land that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE objects. We do not understand that he would necessarily be indisposed to part with a larger portion, or even the whole of it, if a fair price were forthcoming. And for a national purpose of this kind it should surely be possible to raise the money.

#### MRS. BUNCH AND HER BAG.

EVERY now and then the innocent layman, glancing over the Law Reports in the *Times*, thinks that at last the vexed question of a Railway Company's liability for the loss of a passenger's luggage has been settled for ever. Meanwhile there are some who laugh, men who are accustomed to laugh best because they laugh last—we mean legal practitioners of both branches. They know very well that the "special circumstances of the case" have governed the decision, and that judges, who have been barristers, are above spoiling sport for barristers who wish to be judges. Mrs. BUNCH may feel the glow of honest pride at having perplexed the judicial talent of the country, and even divided the House of Lords. But, though she has succeeded herself, and though it may be hoped, after all we have recently heard about economy in litigation, that her "taxed costs" will bear some reasonable relation to those actually expended, she has won a victory for herself alone. The next lady who loses a bag in travelling, and has the pluck to pursue it through four Courts, will in all probability find that between her and Mrs. BUNCH there is a great gulf fixed. There is sure to be a distinction, of which no ordinary man of common sense would have dreamed, but which some one out of many men versed in the common law will be able to take. Mrs. BUNCH might have fared worse in the House of Lords, though she could not have gone further if she had not been sustained by the finding of the County Court Judge on a question of fact. Here her ground was impregnable. For mark the beautiful arrangements of our legal system. On appeal from the County Court to the Queen's Bench Division, two of HER MAJESTY'S Judges were equally divided. Mr. Justice DAY thought that Judge STONOR was wrong in law; Mr. Justice SMITH that he was right. Thereupon Mr. Justice SMITH, as the "junior Judge," in all the gravity and stillness of his fifth lustrum, withdrew his judgment, and the Great Western Railway was acclaimed victor by the more than Hibernian majority of one judicial authority against two. So much for the question whether the porter was holding the bag on behalf of the Company, which is a point of law. Now for the point of fact. Judge STONOR found that forty-nine minutes before the starting of the train on Christmas Eve was a reasonable time for Mrs. BUNCH to have placed her bag in the hands of the porter, and here he was irreversible. Not all the QUEEN'S Judges, including the keeper of HER MAJESTY'S conscience, nor all the noble and learned peers of this realm, could touch him here. Nothing but an Act of Parliament, which, if it cannot make a man a woman, can make a woman a man, for political purposes, could affect the solemn declaration that it was reasonable for Mrs. BUNCH to give herself forty minutes, without her bag, on the Paddington platform on Christmas Eve.

The bag, as the civilized world now knows, was lost, and

the conscience of the civilized world will not be revolted by the decision that the Great Western Company must pay for it. Three Courts have said so, and the fourth Court practically refused to say anything at all. The porter undertook to provide for the safety of the bag, and he failed to fulfil his undertaking. He was the servant of the Company, and as such he took charge of it. If he had not been in the uniform of a porter, Mrs. BUNCH would not have given him the bag, or, if she had, she would clearly have done so at her own risk, inasmuch as there would have been no use in suing the man. The LORD CHANCELLOR pointed out, in his exhaustive, not to say exhausting, judgment, that Mrs. BUNCH was entitled to her verdict if there was evidence upon which it could be founded. It is a strong thing to say that there was not, though Lord BRAMWELL said it with his accustomed energy of expression. Baron MARTIN once addressed the counsel for a Railway Company in these emphatic terms:—"You took the plaintiff's money, and you killed his beasts. Why don't you behave like honest men?" Whether Mrs. BUNCH paid the porter does not appear. It is to be hoped in the circumstances that she did not. But, as Lord HALSBURY puts it, the Company's servants are employed in taking luggage from the outside of the station to the trains, and the liability of the Company cannot be affected by the mere fact that the particular train has not yet drawn up at the platform. Lord BRAMWELL is, of course, equal to this or any other emergency. He holds that the retention of the bag made all the difference in the world. If that article of furniture had been taken straight towards the carriage in which Mrs. BUNCH was about to travel, and had been lost on the way, then, and then only, according to him, the plaintiff might have had a good case. This is certainly reducing the liability of the Company to a minimum, if not virtually destroying it altogether. It is curious to contrast the Lord CHANCELLOR's judgment with Lord BRAMWELL's. The former is involved and confused, seldom logical, not always grammatical, but obviously right. The latter is clever and ingenious, full of point, terse and lucid, but obviously wrong. He says that Mrs. BUNCH asked a favour, to which she was aware that she had no right. According to Lord BRAMWELL, we should all be lost in daily gratitude to Railway Companies for condescending to provide porters at all. The secret of Lord BRAMWELL's dissent from the majority is revealed in a sentence where he says, "We all know that large packages are taken to the luggage-van, smaller packages (*often much too large for the comfort of other travellers*) are, if requested by the passenger, taken to the carriage in which the passenger is to be carried." Lord BRAMWELL has evidently suffered from the evil he so feelingly deplors.

#### CANADA.

THE scheme of a Customs Union between Canada and the United States is not unlikely to succeed at some future time. The proposed policy has a great advantage in the advocacy of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, whose position in the controversy is probably unique. It is possible that other supporters of the measure may be equally competent to expound its economic merits; but in the judgment of ordinary Englishmen they propose to confer a benefit on the Dominion at the expense of the mother-country. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has, for reasons of his own, to the regret of many of his countrymen, so far divided his allegiance that he has voluntarily become a Canadian. He nevertheless, as he has had ample opportunities of proving, remains a loyal and patriotic Englishman; and, although his combination of two separate duties may appear paradoxical, in both cases his feelings are altogether sincere. If he has in the present case yielded to the temptation of reconciling inconsistent objects of pursuit by disguising from himself their necessary antagonism, there is no doubt of his perfect good faith. The native Englishman and the adopted Colonist have not consciously come into conflict with one another in his person. In further vindication of his own consistency Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH might suggest, if he thought apologetic statements necessary or desirable, that the question is not one of benevolent partiality, but of economic justice. It may be argued that the loss to Canada incurred through a protective tariff against the United States is greater than the advantage which English commerce derives from the discouragement of competition. It must be

admitted that every restriction on perfect freedom of commercial intercourse involves an absolute sacrifice of wealth, even where one of the parties to the arrangement may be a gainer by the general loss. Perhaps Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would dispute the assumption that in the present instance the interests of England and of Canada are incompatible. The unanimous opinion of all parties concerned is perhaps not conclusive.

If the Parliament and Government of Canada were willing to form a Customs Union with the United States, no American party would raise a serious objection. By a curious inconsistency, protectionist communities are almost always willing to enlarge the area of internal and unqualified Free-trade. Between Maine and the Southern frontier of Texas there is an entire absence of duties on commerce, and, even if the establishment of such barriers were allowed by the Constitution, any attempt of the kind would be at once defeated by popular indignation. In the days before the Civil War, when both the Northern and the Southern States were constantly engaged in efforts to extend the limits of freedom or of slavery, the objection that an enlargement of the Union would involve the relaxation of a protective tariff was never urged. The vast Territory of Texas was first occupied by private adventurers, and then added to the dominions of the Republic without an audible remonstrance on the part of American producers. Immediately afterwards a large portion of Mexico, including the Pacific slope, was conquered, and again no opposition was offered by manufacturers or farmers. It was almost by accident that Cuba escaped the annexation which had been more than once threatened in Presidential Messages. About the same time, and afterwards during the Civil War, the conquest of Canada was announced as expedient and probable, and the Republican party which represents commercial protection would have acquiesced in the enterprise, if it had been found practicable. The Reciprocity Treaty, which was in force for several years, was ultimately denounced on political grounds, and there is little doubt that it might be renewed, if the English and Canadian Governments would comply with certain conditions. On the whole, it may be said that the decision for or against a Customs Union rests with the Canadian Government. The measure would excite dissatisfaction and perhaps irritation in England, but no attempt would be made by the Imperial Government to defeat the deliberate policy of the Dominion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was somewhat hasty in condemning by anticipation a policy to which no effective resistance could be offered.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH provokes criticism by his frequent description of commercial Union with America as Free-trade. By voluntarily entering the region which is enclosed by the American tariff, Canada would indeed obtain freedom of trade with the United States, but at the cost of commercial separation from the rest of the world, and especially from England. Perhaps the gain would exceed the loss; but both sides of the question ought to be considered. The opinion of the Parliamentary majority in Canada, and of the Government which has for many years held office, cannot be reasonably treated with the contempt which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH apparently feels. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues seem to be thoroughly in earnest in their determination to prefer their English connexion to the proposed union. They have lately, with the consent of Parliament, prohibited the construction of two railways which were intended to connect Manitoba with the American railway system, and their claim of control over railway enterprise has been judiciously recognized. As long as the Canadians, rightly or wrongly, disapprove of the Customs Union, it will scarcely become the English Government to oppose a policy which is ostensibly, and perhaps really, patriotic. One argument which has been strongly urged by the advocates of the existing state of things is apparently plausible. If Canada and the United States were included within the same frontier for fiscal purposes, the smaller and less powerful community would have no voice in the maintenance or readjustment of the tariff. Duties would be imposed or modified, or remitted by Congress, without reference to the wishes or interests of the less powerful partner. In the first and most important Customs Union which was established, the minor States of North Germany had a voting power which would have enabled them to resist any encroachment on the part of Prussia. It would be impossible to obtain similar security against a giant allied with a dwarf.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH accounts for the actual preponderance



of the party which he opposes by the statement that the manufacturers, combined with certain political parties, have wrongfully obtained the control of the Government. His authority is weighty, though it may perhaps be impaired by his active participation in the movement for a Continental Customs Union. Englishmen at home cannot be expected to understand the circumstances and relations of Canadian parties, and they can only take it practically for granted that the Government of the day represents the community which maintains it in power. In Canada, as elsewhere, manufacturers and traders probably prefer their own interests to the public welfare, but it is not at first sight obvious that the cause of protection would be injuriously affected by a Customs Union. The manufacturers would acquire additional security against competition with English producers, though they may perhaps now profit by the exclusion of American imports. The political bearings of the struggle are less easy to understand; but, on the whole, the party which incurs Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's displeasure may have something to say in its own defence. It is not certain that the attachment of Canadians to the English Crown and Government is wholly imaginary or insincere. It is true that the Colonies are not inclined to give up their fiscal prejudices for the purpose of facilitating either federation or any other kind of tie which may unite them more closely with the Empire. Nevertheless it appears, on credible testimony, that there is a sentiment of loyalty in the Colonies as well as a calculation of material advantage. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is not disposed to deny that commercial union tends in the direction of political annexation. The German Customs Union prepared the way for the North-German Federation, which soon afterwards ripened into the Empire. Even if a similar result were not of itself likely to follow the proposed measure, it would be certainly contemplated by the other party to the compact. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH himself neither disputes nor deprecates an eventual fusion of English-speaking Americans in a single nation. His hope that the English beyond the Atlantic will maintain friendly relations with their kindred at home may possibly be fulfilled. Up to the present time the people of the United States have neither entertained nor affected any feeling of the kind. At the present moment there is reason to fear that the Fisheries Convention will be rejected by the Senate because a just and amicable settlement of a long-standing dispute with England might diminish the popularity of the PRESIDENT who approves it, and consequently give his Republican adversaries an advantage at the impending election. The question of a Continental Customs Union is less urgent; but it is well that it should be fully discussed. There is no reason to regret that the defence of the measure should be undertaken by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Prudent disputants always wish that the adverse opinion should be fairly and fully represented; and in the present case the advocate of commercial union between Canada and the United States is neither an enemy nor a neutral. In no circumstances would Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH intentionally be a party to any scheme which was unjust and injurious to England.

#### MR. JOHN CLAYTON.

THE death of Mr. JOHN CLAYTON is, to his many friends and admirers, the terms are interchangeable, a visitation not less untoward than severe. In its way, too, it is something of a public misfortune. Mr. CLAYTON's place and function were unique; there is none left to fill his room and none to continue his tradition. The stage is not lacking, it may be, in artists of greater genius; but with artists of the rare and admirable type of which he was an exemplar it is ill provided indeed. There is plenty of talent, and there is plenty of accomplishment; but the two are not often found in combination to such an extent as in him. He was a born actor, to begin with, it is true; but he was the most patient, the most laborious, and withal the most intelligent of students, and his education had been so thorough, his mastery was so complete, that whatever he did was to the judicious well done enough to be exemplary as art and as invention alike. It has been said of him that he was the one English actor who would not have seemed out of place on the boards of the Rue de Richelieu; and to those who knew

the great theatre at its best of late years—when it was the house of GOT and COQUELIN and BARRÉ and THIRON and DELAUNAY, of FAVART and MADELINE BLOHAN and the SARAH BERNHARDT of a time which knew not of *Théodora* or *La Tosca* and the seductions of Chicago and Cincinnati—the description, which is no more than just, is enough.

His capacity was the outcome of a long, an arduous, a desperate struggle with difficulties. Even in the beginning his figure was far from graceful; his arms were too short for his body, his tongue was too large for his mouth; he had, until the end, a vice of articulation which not even his accomplishment in elocution could utterly conceal. But he was a man of singular intelligence, he was a man of culture and gentle breeding—a student of books and life and character for their own sake; and the means he thought out for his education were rigorous and exigent enough to make him, as we know, perhaps the most accomplished actor—using the word “accomplished” in its strictest sense—on the English stage. The results were immediate and honourable. He was with PHELPS and with Mr. DION BOUCICAULT at the old Princess's; and he distinguished himself by his performance of, not only such parts as the young and commonplace hero of *After Dark*, but such character-parts as the GINKELL of *The Rapparee*. He was at the Gaiety—the new Gaiety then—with ALFRED WIGAN, first of all, and afterwards with Messrs. TOOLE and IRVING and NEVILLE, and the late ADELAIDE NEILSON and Miss HENRADE; and here he was simply admirable as the VAUBERT of an adaptation of *Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix*, effective as JOE LENNARD, the blacksmith *jeune premier* of BYRON'S *Uncle Dick's Darling*, and beyond praise as Lord MOUNTFORRESTCOURT in ROBERTSON'S *Dreams*. The actor's next achievement was worthy of his promise; was, indeed, the JOSEPH SURFACE of the Vaudeville revival. Who that has seen it can ever forget that incomparable piece of art! Handsome, plausible, gross, commanding, JOSEPH—JOSEPH, and not CHARLES—was the hero of the piece. Not even PALMER (so far as we can discover) had played the part with this amount of intellect and force; to many it was a revelation; it was evidence to those who knew and cared for acting, that here was a possible TARTUFFE, a possible FALSTAFF even. It was intellectual, yet radiantly sensual; it was daring yet natural in conception, large yet finished in method, irresistible in effect; at the Français it would have stamped the executant an artist in creation, and opened up to him the range of great parts included in the old repertory. Even more popular, and to the full as remarkable, was the HUGH TREVOR of Mr. MERIVALE'S and the late Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON'S *All for Her*. Here was youth, here was romance, here was passion. It seemed that CLAYTON had but to go on—had but to have opportunity—to take his place at the head of his profession, to be the darling of the play-going public, as—in another way, and to a different purpose—GARRICK and KEAN had been before him, and Mr. HENRY IRVING has been since. But it was not so. Perhaps the dramatist was wanting; save for the judicious the actor did his best—and how good it was, that best!—in vain. Piece after piece was tried; upon each and all the manager (CLAYTON was now the co-lessee of the Court Theatre) expended his almost unequalled talent of production; in each and all the comedian shone with a discreet, an unflinching, an artistic and delightful brilliance. But the result was in a sense disheartening; the theatre was none of the most popular; the comedian, by sheer force of art and intelligence, was able to maintain his reputation, and from defeat to snatch a kind of victory. Then came a change. As the principal figure, if not the hero, in Mr. PINERO'S pleasant and brilliant farces he achieved a popular success; and it seemed that he was at last upon the point of reaping his reward, and taking the place which was his by right—of talent, culture, intelligence, patience, accomplishment, fame; when, as we know, he died. It is impossible to say what he might or would not have done. He had always been a light of comedy; he was not too old for romance; first and last, he was an exemplar of his art. As we have said, there is none to take his place, or continue his tradition.

He died at forty-three, with, as one hoped, and as it seemed, at least twenty years' good work in him yet. What he was as an actor we have tried to record; as a stage-manager, an artist in production—one who could do much with little, and with means the most exiguous

achieve the finest results—he had scarce any rival; as a talker, an intelligence, a personality he stood alone in his profession. It will be some time, we take it, ere the stage is itself without him.

#### THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

THE appointment of a Committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the sweating system of unsavoury name and associations will meet with general approval. Lord DUNRAVEN's speech, and the Report of Mr. BURNETT on which it is founded, show that a state of things exists in some parts of the East-End of London calling, in the vague phrase commonly used when a scandal is reported, for "something to be done." There are tailoring shops in that part of the capital—and others could be found elsewhere, no doubt—as filthy, as unwholesome, as much overcrowded, as the worst dens denounced by KINGSLEY. Terrible spells of work are done for the most wretched pay under the pressure of competition. In one district foreign Jews in sufficient numbers to people a country town work during parts of the year as hard as negroes on a sugar plantation at harvest-time, and starve during the rest of the year. It is one of the worst evils of the trade that the work is equally heavy and irregular. By necessity or by choice—in all probability from the first of these causes—the contractors crowd the work they give out into a few days of the week. The hands—men and women—can only get through it by working for eighteen hours of the twenty-four. If the pay given is sometimes fairly good while it lasts, the intervals of idleness bring the average throughout the year very low. As is usually the case, women suffer more severely than men. Eleven shillings is thought a good week's earnings for a machine woman. The average gains are far smaller. This life of toil at starvation wages is led among surroundings often of the most filthy description. Workshops are overcrowded and undrained. Inspectors find that the law is frequently eluded, and houses kept in a condition which is a danger to the whole community. Into these places is crowded a population which lives on fishes' heads and putrid vegetables, which takes no exercise, has insufficient sleep, never washes, and is engaged in the production of cheap ready-made clothes, which are packed off for home use and export, as probably as not carrying with them the germs of typhus.

It is the best, if not the only, proof that we are better than our fathers that such a picture cannot be drawn now without exciting a desire to pull the crooked things straight. The gorge rises at the sight of this squalid misery, and even men who make no pretensions to exceptional humanity feel disgust at the thought of the existence of such a hotbed of human degradation and filthy disease in the very midst of London. Therefore, the decision of the Government to allow the appointment of the Committee asked for by Lord DUNRAVEN will seem to have been very proper and even natural. But whether something can be done, and what it ought to be, are by no means matters so easy to decide upon. The Lords' Committee can hardly confine itself to inquiring alone. That would only lead to the re-doing of Mr. BURNETT's work, and to superfluous proof of what is already known. It must suggest remedies; and, when it begins to do so, the real difficulties of its task will be seen. Some improvement may be effected by a better system of sanitary inspection, and by inflicting severer penalties for breaches of the law; but by these means the utmost we can effect is to make it more probable that journeymen tailors, who have to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, shall not be required to do it in rooms insufficiently ventilated and reeking with effluvia from drains. Crushing work will still have to be done at starvation wages. The sweating system is, as Lord DUNRAVEN himself acknowledged, the inevitable result of the struggle in modern industry, the competition of contractors for profits and of workmen for wages. The Government itself helps to perpetuate the evil. It pays two shillings apiece for the making of postmen's greatcoats, of which one shilling and fourpence goes to the actual maker. If it gave more, somebody in the House of Commons would want to know why the nation's money was being wasted; and, indeed, it is very doubtful whether anybody but the contractor would profit by the extravagance. How can buyers be prevented from buying in the cheapest market, contractors from underselling one another, and workmen from preferring starvation

wages to none? It is this struggle which is cutting profits and wages alike down to the quick, and it is as much beyond legislative control as the fogs of the Channel. Much is said from time to time about the influx of foreign Jews who have been prepared by their own Polish and Russian squalor to live on garbage and toil for a pittance. Even if all that is asserted about them and their influence is true, it does not follow that permanent good would be gained by their exclusion. If it did raise wages and diminish hours of work in the ready-made clothes business, the effect would be to increase the cost of production, which would again show its influence in the price of Government contracts, in additional burdens on the workmen who buy cheap clothes, in greater difficulties for the exporting merchant, and diminished freight for the shipowner. The weight would be relieved in one quarter to be increased in others. The sweating system is one result of the ever-increasing pressure of population on means of subsistence—it is the City equivalent of the destitution in the Lewis. Unhappily it is less capable of remedy, for its victims are absolutely unfitted for life in a new country.

#### THE RUSSIAN PROPOSALS.

IT is understood that the proposals in reference to Bulgaria which, as a consequence partly of the recent language of Prince BISMARCK, Russia has made to the Porte and the Powers have been answered by all the Governments concerned except Turkey; and Turkey, in the nature of things, would have to answer last. The reported answers may very probably be taken as at least approximately correct. In fact, they were indicated beforehand with sufficient accuracy to make their nature all but certain. It was clear that all the Powers would in one way or other acknowledge the fact—a fact of the same kind as the fact that two and two make four—that Prince FERDINAND's situation has not been regularized as it should have been. It was very probable that France, from her desire to curry favour with Russia, and Germany, for reasons which in the Palace of Truth might be a little different from those recently given to the Reichsrath, would support the Russian proposal for the removal of the audacious Coburger. It was equally probable that Austria, Italy, and England would, in one way or another, demur; and it was at least possible that the demur of Austria would be less decided than that of the other two, partly because Austria's good friend, Prince BISMARCK, shows such a touching anxiety that nothing should be done to hurt the CZAR's feelings, and partly also, it is fair to remember, because the matter is much more momentous to Austria than to anybody else. If the CZAR were to be seized, as has not uncommonly happened in his family, by the desire for a *coup de tête*, the immediate consequences to England and Italy are quite problematic; the immediate consequences to Austria might, and very likely would, be the flooding of Galicia with Cossack cavalry. Therefore it is not altogether just to accuse the Imperial and Royal Government of hesitation or half-heartedness.

If, as has been announced, the English reply is practically confined to an acknowledgment of the incompleteness of Prince FERDINAND's commission, coupled with a refusal to advise the Porte to take any steps for his removal until it knows what is to be done next, this particular round of the fight may be said to have gone in favour of Bulgaria, and it is quite clear that no better answer could have been returned. For the weakness of the Russian position always has been that Russians have seemed to argue as if the Berlin Treaty, in their own very peculiar reading of it, were an end in itself and not a means to an end. That end is the order, prosperity, and good government of Bulgaria. These three things, despite the efforts of certain persons not wholly unknown in Russia, have been secured, and are secured, by Prince FERDINAND's *de facto* Government, which, moreover, needs nothing, and never has needed anything, to turn it into a *de jure* Government but the assent of Russia herself. She has caused a technical error, and now she seeks to profit by it, and to profit by it without giving any assurance that she will not play the same game over again. It is difficult to believe that even the encouragement of Prince BISMARCK can have induced her to commit the amazing tactical mistake assigned to her in some reports, and to vouchsafe the information that she could not consent to any Roman Catholic candidate. Sarcastic remarks have been made before now on that



peculiar and, as it would appear, quite private version of the Berlin Treaty of which Russia and Prince BISMARCK, as her "fourth plenipotentiary," alone possess copies. But it would appear that there are many more clauses in that unknown edition than were thought. Here is a bran-new one, of which even Prince BISMARCK, when he testified to the clause about Russian "sway," which had escaped all other observers, said nothing. Perhaps the demurs of England and her companions will bring out more, and in that case we shall have some extremely interesting diplomatic revelations which will set all the learned editors and commentators of the instrument at work making appendices to their former labours.

A great deal, no doubt, depends upon the present action of Turkey, and that action, even by persons best acquainted with the subject, is never to be counted on with absolute certainty. At times it seems incredible that any Government should go out of its way to please a secular enemy and robber of its own goods; and the occasional deference of the Porte to Russia appears not unlike a curious phenomenon sometimes noticed in school life, where one boy seems unable to keep away from another, though this other may do nothing but bully, torment, and cheat him. The fact, no doubt, is that the Porte, seeing, and with some justice, in the "European Areopagus" nothing but an assembly of lukewarm friends and unscrupulous foes, thinks it, on the whole, best to pay most heed to that Areopagite which is the most open, most unscrupulous, nearest, and most formidable of the foes. On no other consideration can such proceedings as the distinction made between the Montenegrin ruffians and the Bulgarian ruffians, who lately, at the instigation of Russian agents, if not of Russia, invaded Bulgaria, be accounted for. The SULTAN knows too well that in any new European war he has hardly the smallest chance of recovering anything that has been stolen from him, and that he is very likely to be made to pay the price of reconciliation by fresh stealings. Still, whatever bad things may come out of the lap of fate for him in the direction of Austria or of anywhere else, it is so demonstrably impossible that any good thing should be brought out for him by the direct or indirect agency of the CZAR that playing into the hands of the latter on the part of the Porte seems simple madness. And it is doubtful whether it would ever be resorted to if it were not for the great delusion about gaining time which prevails in all diplomacy more or less, and in Eastern diplomacy most of all.

Some attention has been called to speeches of two Royalist Deputies in the French Chamber on foreign policy, both of which had some reference to England. That of M. DE LA FERRONAYS appears to have been mostly foolish, and the references made by this bearer of a not unhonoured name to the "immemorial rights" of France in the New Hebrides would seem to show that the gibes of the profane as to the historical and other teaching in the clerical schools frequented by Monarchists are not unfounded. M. DE BRETEUIL's, though much abler and much less unfriendly—indeed, not unfriendly at all in form—displays in curious fashion the new craze about an Anglo-Russian alliance. M. DE BRETEUIL represented England as in a state of mortal terror about her empire in the East, and as ready to buy off Russia there at any price. It is sometimes, if not generally, forgotten in England, where ideas of French politics are rarely very precise, that the French Monarchists are, as a rule, rather worse disposed to England than their opponents—which is saying much. These speeches may do something to revive knowledge of the fact. The truth is that there is no considerable French party which is not ill disposed towards England, and that only in some yet unforeseen circumstances could England ever find a trustworthy alliance in France. With Russia it is, no doubt, different; for there is no inherited ill-will between England and the CZAR's country. But there, on the other hand, is the fatal fact that in both directions in which the ambition of Russia prompts her most to advance, the interest of England is peremptorily to keep her back. M. DE BRETEUIL thinks that in our debilitated condition we should be glad to compound for halt in the one quarter by permitting advance in the other, and certainly if we have come to that, there is nothing more to be said. But Englishmen—not Gladstonians—naturally cannot be expected to take that view. M. DE BRETEUIL's further remarks on the fears of Germany and the probable "bolting" of Austria and Italy in case of actual war were likewise too obviously prompted by wishes which fathered the thought. What is known is, that Russia is committed to a course of conduct in which, if she does

not gain, she must lose very humiliatingly, and that if Austria and Italy allow her to win, the western half of the Mediterranean will very probably become a Russian lake, tempered perhaps by an English Egypt. We should not have supposed this consummation likely to be very agreeable to M. DE BRETEUIL's countrymen; but, doubtless, they must be allowed to know their own affairs.

#### THE ARMADA MONUMENT.

CENTENARY festivals are things not always spoken of with respect. Fastidious persons call them bores, and austere persons call them follies. The proposed festival to celebrate the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada will doubtless be called bad names; but the Plymouthians need not be greatly troubled on that account. If it amuses them to have a ceremony in honour of the great event they may innocently have it, since they not only hurt nobody, but might be worse engaged than in having a little glorification over the famous deeds they did in ancient days. If, too, there is to be a tercentenary celebration, a fitter place for it could not be found than Plymouth. The English fleet lay there when the excellent pirate FLEMING signalled the Spaniards off the Lizard. The great game of Kales was played on the Hoe. The good people of Plymouth helped materially to worry PHILIP into sending his lumbering Armada into the Channel, and then had their own distinguished share in the good work of worrying it out again. Besides, Plymouth Sound is the fittest spot in the world for a water frolic, which is, we suppose, the form the celebration is to take, partly, if not wholly. We trust the frolic will be held, and will be very gay; and that the approaching summer in South Devon will not be so warm as to make everybody too limp to enjoy him or herself. If the show is to be organized, as it should be, on the Flemish scale, and properly adapted to the place, it ought to be worth seeing.

In the meantime Plymouth has decided to make a record of the occasion in the form of a "monument for ever" which is to stand on the Hoe. As is most becoming a former townsman has been chosen to do the work. We shall not express any opinion as to the value of Mr. HERBERT A. GRIBBLE's design. His shaft, surmounted by a statue of Britannia, his laurel wreaths and medallions of Armada heroes, his bronze bas-reliefs, his statues of an old Viking and of Vigilance, his anchor and cannon balls of the period, may all combine to produce a good effect, but no monument can be called good till it is finished. A severe regard for consistency would perhaps lead to the exclusion of the Viking, who is not quite in place in a monument designed to record the defeat of an invasion. The defence of the shores of England was not what one generally associates with the name of the Vikings, and, on the whole, SALVATION YEO would be much more in place. The Tercentenary Memorial General Committee has shown itself so sensible that perhaps it will listen to this suggestion. A proposal has been made to use up the statue of DRAKE, which has already been erected—and it has been very properly rejected. Sir FRANCIS is very well entitled to his statue, and can very well stand by himself, but he ought not to be the only prominent figure in a monument to the "heroes of the Armada." If he is to be there larger than life, then Lord HOWARD of Effingham, Sir JOHN HAWKINS, and Sir MARTIN FROBISHER ought to have the same honour, to say nothing of Lord THOMAS HOWARD and Sir WILLIAM WINTER. The Memorial Committee has, therefore, done well in deciding not to sacrifice other names to DRAKE's, or commit itself to the erection of a Brobdingnagian monument. The first Englishman and the first commander of any nation who circumnavigated the globe ought to have a record to himself. But the defeat of the Armada was not the work of one man—or even of six or seven. It was done by the English people, and by every class in it acting together spontaneously. If the fit sculptor could only be found, it would be better that the figures, if there must be any, should represent types rather than individuals. If a portrait-statue must be there, then it should be the statue of Queen ELIZABETH, for when everything has been said that malice and bad criticism can say, it was she who governed this country, and prepared the defeat of the Armada. But the Committee, which will have to pay for the monument, is entitled to choose the design for itself; and, since it has chosen, there is little good in pointing out that it might

have made a better choice—or at least that it might have had better things to select from. For the rest, there is no reason why Mr. GRIBBLE's materials should not combine into a fine monument, worthy to stand for ever on the Hoe, a pleasing object to townsmen and visitors. It is not often that architects and sculptors get such a chance as this; and, as there is rather a craze for setting up statues and memorials all over the world now, it is better they should rise for great historic events than to successful railway contractors or small celebrities of the political kind.

#### THE GOOD LAWYER AND THE BAD CASE.

NOTHING could more vividly illustrate the confusion into which Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden abandonment of the offensive in Parliament has thrown his party than the crowd of notices which jostled each other on the Order Book last Thursday night, under the common heading of "Public Meetings in the Metropolis." First on the list stood Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's reformed, or "converted," resolution—that shorn and enfeebled formula whose sole strength lay in that portion of it which Mr. GLADSTONE's hand so ruthlessly clipped off. Then followed the proposition embodying Mr. BRADLAUGH's revolt against these craven counsels of his chief, and claiming a full and public inquiry into the alleged unlawful assembly in Trafalgar Square of the 13th of November last, and the conduct of the police in connexion therewith. Whom succeeded the thoughtful Professor STUART, dissatisfied with his predecessor's mere empirical treatment of external symptoms, and going, statesmanlike, to the root of the malady, with the declaration that "the police of the metropolis ought to be placed under 'the control of the ratepayers of the metropolis, by means of a properly constituted municipal authority.'" And the rear was brought up by "ATHERLEY JONES the Liberator," and "the People's PICKERSGILL," one inviting the House to affirm the undoubted right of HER MAJESTY's subjects to assemble, &c., and the other contented, with the humility of the truly great, to repeat Mr. BRADLAUGH's own amendment, almost in Mr. BRADLAUGH's gracious words. This, it will be admitted, is not exactly a picture of brethren dwelling together in unity; but it is hard to blame the quasi-mutineers who have thus broken away from their commander. No man with a sense of the ridiculous, to say nothing of the sentiment of self-respect, can be severely condemned for objecting to be confined within the limits of such a formula as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's. It is desirable, says that eminently cautious proposition, that "an inquiry should be instituted by a Committee of this House into the conditions subject to which open-air public meetings may be held in the metropolis, and the limits of the right of interference therewith of the Executive Government." A Committee of the House of Commons, in other words, is to be appointed to hold a solemn investigation into the "conditions" and "limits" in question, and then as solemnly to record their twofold conclusion—(1) that public meetings may be held, subject to the conditions that their purpose is lawful, and that their behaviour is not calculated to cause terror to the inhabitants of the district; and (2) that the right of Executive interference with them is coextensive with their failure to conform to these conditions. If Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, or rather Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's leader, deemed it politic to confine himself to such truisms as this, there was no reason, the malcontents might well urge, why they should associate themselves with so idle a performance.

Fortunately, however, for a speech which, as it was, fell far short of the speaker's usual standard of performance, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL was not bound to stick closely to his text. As a sound lawyer, he knows better than most men what really are the "conditions" of lawful public meeting and the "limits" of the right of Executive interference; and his argument was throughout so framed as to suggest, without openly affirming, that the conditions of lawful public meeting existed at Trafalgar Square on the 13th of last November, and that the Executive, in prohibiting the meeting announced for that day and place, overstepped the legitimate limits of interference. Considering, however, how clear on the merits is the contrary contention, it follows that, even confining himself to suggestion and eschewing direct affirmation, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL undertook a sufficiently arduous task. In order to make

even so much as a show of accomplishing it, he was compelled to devote the first half of his speech to the establishment of a proposition which, whether true or not, is irrelevant, and throughout the second half of it studiously to shirk an encounter with the actual facts of the situation in November last. The proposition which he so industriously laboured in the earlier portion of his argument need not detain us for a moment. Even if we assume, as Mr. MATTHEWS judiciously consented to assume for the sake of argument, that the right of the Crown to control the use of Trafalgar Square by the public was claimed incorrectly in point of law by the Government, we do not get one inch nearer to the determination of the question whether certain Radical clubs had a right to use, or the Executive a right to prevent them using, the Square for the purposes contemplated on the 13th of last November. That question depends upon two others—first, whether the public user of the Square did or did not invest the promoters of the prohibited meeting with a *prima facie* right to hold a meeting there; and, secondly, whether this right was or was not liable to be, and was or was not in fact, defeated by the non-existence of those "conditions" which figured so prominently in Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's resolution, and received so little discussion in Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's speech. Had he succeeded in proving the affirmative of the former of these propositions, he would then only have been brought face to face with the fact that the Government claim to have overthrown it by proving the affirmative of the latter. As a matter of fact, he could not and did not succeed in even proving the affirmative of the former. The public user of the Square, as was laid down, with, we believe, the universal approval of lawyers, by Mr. Justice CHARLES, imports no further or other rights over it than is imported by the public user of any other London thoroughfare. That is to say, it imports a right to make use of it, as of other thoroughfares, primarily for the purpose of transit from place to place; and, secondarily, for such other purposes as are consistent with the convenience and security of other members of the community. The mere fact that meetings have been frequently held, and allowed to be held, in the Square, can no more have created a "right" to use it for such a purpose than the fact referred to in the debate, that crowds are in the habit of collecting outside the publishing offices of certain sporting newspapers has created a right to perpetuate that particular form of street obstruction. That the public can "prescribe" against an individual landowner to the limitation of his full normal rights of proprietorship is admitted in every law suit over a disputed right of way; but it would be a monstrous extension of this legal doctrine to hold that a minority of the public can prescribe against the majority, so as not merely to limit, but to annihilate, their concurrent right of transit over a particular piece of land.

Even supposing, therefore, that there were a right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, it would be impossible for any man of common sense, to say nothing of a lawyer, to contend that it is more than a conditional right, and one liable to be defeated on coming into conflict with other rights of the general community. It was incumbent, therefore, upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to address himself to the question whether it had or had not come into conflict with any rights in the case of the proposed meeting. How far aloof he held himself from this question may be judged from the almost incredible circumstance that from the beginning to the end of the speech he made no reference whatever to the fact that the meetings in Trafalgar Square had even so much as been alleged to have created any inconvenience, let alone any danger, to the public. To listen to him one might have thought that people had never met in the Square for any other purpose or in any other mood than that of a Social Science Congress. We might have fancied that no meeting in the Square had ever been entertained with inflammatory speeches or broken up into riotous and predatory processions, and that the looting of the West End in February 1886 was a mere nightmare. Yet these incidents, and the alarm inspired by them, constitute that very case of the Government with which it was Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's business to grapple. As a lawyer he could not and did not contest the proposition that an otherwise lawful meeting will become unlawful when it is likely to cause reasonable alarm to the inhabitants of the district in which it is held. He did not even venture to deny in so many words that the meeting called for the 13th of last November was, in fact, a meeting of that character. He could only make the barren point that the prohibition of



meetings in Trafalgar Square has been made general and permanent, whereas it ought, he contended, only to hold good for the particular occasion on which the prohibition was originally issued. But why so? If, and so long as the alarm which justified it continues, why should not the prohibition hold good? And we should like to know whether Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is prepared to assert that the alarm does not continue, or at least that it would not at once revive if the prohibition were removed. His whole speech was a melancholy example of the total failure of even the ablest advocate to deal with a certain kind of hopeless cases. We should pity any lawyer who was forced to undertake such a task as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had, and if we do not pity him, it is only because he undertook it, not under compulsion, but as a rash and misguided volunteer.

#### THE WAR OFFICE MEMORANDUM.

THE Memorandum published by the War Office to prepare the minds of members of Parliament for the due discussion of the Estimates is a truly remarkable document. It is not that the results it has to report are so wonderful, though it shows an addition to our effective force of 275 men (an important increase of strength, nearly equal to a German infantry company on the peace footing), and a simultaneous decrease in the Estimates of 152,019*l*. Neither does its merit lie in the absence of a supplementary estimate for the first time in eight years. A supplementary estimate may be a necessary and even welcome thing. Besides, more money is to be asked for, and rightly too; and, after all, the difference between asking for more and presenting supplementary estimates is practically not great. The wonderfulness of the Memorandum does not lie in the multiplicity of its details, though it touches on more subjects than the unassisted human head can hold after one reading. Neither is it the cheerful confidence of the Memorandum which fills us with the patriotic pride and amazed delight which are, for the moment, the emotions of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. STANHOPE does, indeed, tell us that our army is ready to supply all needful garrisons, to meet the calls of any of "those small wars so common in our history," and turn out two army corps for a more serious business, ready to go anywhere and do anything; that the regiments first on the roster for service abroad are in an unprecedented state of efficiency; that—that, in short, barring a few deficiencies, such as the total want of tents and transport for a second corps, Militia, and Volunteers; the absence of any reserve of artillery when our two corps army is in the field (we supply Mr. STANHOPE with this detail); the want of horses, and a few trifles of that sort not worth mentioning, our army is as near perfection as it is given to the work of the erring race of human kind to attain. Something like this we have heard before. It is not in any of these things that the wonderfulness of the War Office Memorandum consists.

Its peculiar and original merits are a certain lofty thoroughness of view, a comprehensiveness of grasp, and a manful facing of the fact that the duty of the War Office is to supply efficient defences, and not only to avoid expenditure. "It is, perhaps, characteristic of the want of thoroughness which has too often marked our military preparations," says Mr. STANHOPE, speaking of Lord PALMERSTON's defence scheme, "that the cost of the armaments corresponding to these fortifications, which was to have been borne on the annual Estimates, was not provided till a later period." When the War Office is found talking about want of thoroughness in our military preparations, it is clear that the abundant criticism of late years has not been wholly wasted. Things will be materially altered when the Department counts want of thoroughness as the greatest, or even as only a very great, sin. Its gradual conversion to that view ought by no means to be checked, and so it may be heartily praised for the progress it has made. The transfer of the cost of transporting troops from the Navy to the Army Budget, and of naval ordnance from the Army to the Navy, together with the much-talked reorganization of the War Office, belong to those incessant reforms which delight the official mind, but are, after all, mere readjustments and changes of names. Provided the work is well done, it does not much matter under what title it is done. But to find the War Office forming a definite comprehensive scheme, and trying to carry it out, is unquestionably a change for the better. Mr. STANHOPE'S

Memorandum shows that at least he has something like an aim and a plan. To settle that we must be able to meet small wars without disturbance, to provide two army corps without depleting the garrisons for a great war, to make your mind up as to what ports ought to be fortified and how, and, best of all, to come to Parliament with a request for 3,000,000*l*. to pay for guns and fortifications to be supplied at once—this is to have a policy. As it is so much better to have even an insufficient policy than none at all, we need not be extreme in inquiring whether the War Office has decided to do all that might with advantage be done. The ports of war are to be put in a position to defend themselves without the constant presence of a squadron. The coaling-stations are in course of being fitted with teeth and claws for the terror of hostile cruisers; mercantile ports are to be armed according to their importance. Steps are being taken to improve the weapons of the army in pattern, and test their quality properly. The Volunteers are being helped to provide themselves with transport, and the beginning of a field artillery is being made for them. The effort is as yet feeble and tentative, but it is better than none. When the War Office, having taken the plunge, has become used to the surrounding temperature, it may be asked whether it would as much as be possible to send our two corps abroad in case of a great war in Western Europe till another army capable of marching and manœuvring had been provided for the defence of the coast. What the answer will be after a little experience of thoroughness the ingenious reader may judge.

#### WINTER IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

WINTER in the Lower Alps is not very different from what it is in the plains below, but in the higher mountains it assumes quite a new character. Even there, it is true that the late autumn and early spring are intensely disagreeable. The constant succession of snow-storms and thaws renders walking all but impossible, and the outside world is cheerless with leaden skies and drifting mists. Indoors things are not much better; the winds that whistle up the valleys pierce the double windows, and it is days before even the huge tile stoves can thoroughly warm rooms that have stood unoccupied for weeks. But when the cold at last sets in one may reckon with considerable certainty on from six weeks to two months of clear, bright, frosty weather, when for a man in good health mere existence becomes a joy. The fogs that are the curse of the lower valleys are then unknown on the heights. A sun of an Italian splendour shines from a cloudless heaven. Every waterfall and mill-dam is set in a glittering frame of icicles. The snow is crisp underfoot and soon forms the smoothest of paths for the sledges. The air is motionless, and though the thermometer falls from  $-13^{\circ}$  to  $-19^{\circ}$  C., the cold is not unpleasant in the light, dry air, at least for those who take the precautions of Sam Weller's Polar bear, and are well wrapped up before they go skating.

It has been said that fogs are unknown at this season, but at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes in the moonlight, a thin veil of silvery mist may be seen hanging over the larger brooks, and from a height their course may be traced for miles by means of it. It generally vanishes long before noon, but occasionally spreads to some distance on either side. In the immediate vicinity it is hardly perceptible, but it transforms all the more distant views. The snowy peaks are still distinctly visible, but they seem invested in a strange mystery, and when on such occasions the sunset lights glow upon them, they seem to belong to another world than ours—a world in which, if we could penetrate it, we might find the castle of the Holy Grail. In our world, meanwhile, the common cares of life continue, and fortunately there is winter work to be done. Before the continued cold begins there is usually a heavy snowfall, which blocks all the thoroughfares. Then, at least on the roads that are acknowledged to possess an Imperial interest, the snow-plough has to do its work. From eight to twelve pair of horses are hired and harnessed to the unwieldy machine, and it is a merry sight to see the foremost plunging through snow that reaches high above their knees, while the riders shout, swear, and gesticulate, and seem altogether to be having a good time, as indeed they are, since they have a right to stop at certain wayside inns, where the Government pays the score. The snow-plough, while it opens up a way between the villages, makes new work in each, as it heaps up the loose snow on both sides of the street in such a way as to render the doorways impassable until it has been carted away.

The purpose for which the plough is used is not so much to remove the surface snow as to press what remains into a firm track for the sledges; and it has, therefore, to be employed with some caution. If it goes its rounds before a sufficient quantity of snow has fallen, it pushes the whole of it away; and, as wheeled vehicles are useless during the winter, it thus renders part of the road impassable. If, on the other hand, too much snow is allowed to accumulate, it becomes difficult to force a passage through it. It is generally thought that it ought to be used when forty centimetres have fallen; but this is a matter which must to

a great extent be left to the judgment of the single inspector. If the district under his charge is large, it will frequently happen that the fall is heavy in some parts of it, while in others it barely suffices for the sledges. This is particularly the case when the road leads up a mountain valley with side openings. In such districts it is impossible to lay down any fixed general rules.

The mere removal of the snow from the streets and courts gives work for almost every honest labourer who would otherwise be unemployed; the ice harvest is a still more fruitful source of gain to those who depend on stray jobs. A large quantity of ice is yearly exported from the Southern Alps to Northern Italy, and this involves a good deal of labour, as the solid blocks must be hewn out of the surface of the lakes, carted to the nearest railway-station, and carefully packed there. The Alpine junkkeepers who have ice-cellars are usually contented with the huge icicles that can be procured from the nearest mill-run. These are broken into small pieces, and stored away in underground cellars, where they are crushed together so as to form in a few days a single solid mass. The Italian dealers, however, will have nothing to do with wares of this kind. They say they melt more easily, and they can easily be known by their fracture, and also by their colour when large blocks are taken. Thus the higher lakes become, if not gold, yet copper, mines when the winter frost sets in, if only they are near enough to a railway-station.

The chief winter work, however, consists in bringing down the hay and timber from the upland meadows and woods. In such of the former as are not used for alms, the grass is mown twice, or even thrice, in the course of the summer, and the hay is stored away in rough block-houses upon the heights. As soon as a sufficient quantity of snow has fallen, it is brought down to the valleys. For this purpose mountain sledges are used. As they are mere skeletons, though large and strongly built, they are light enough for a single man to be able to draw them up to the heights, though this is hard work, particularly before the snow has been trodden down. When they have once reached their destination, they are placed on the verge of the steepest declivity, free from woods and precipices, that can be found, and there loaded, the hay being firmly bound upon them, and then pushed down the mountain-side. The first day's labour is heavy; but, as soon as a track has been formed, the descent, at least, is easy and merry enough. An impetus is given to the sledge, the driver springs up in front, with his legs suspended between the two handles, and the vehicle rushes rapidly down the steep incline. If it is desirable to retard the speed or alter the course, the driver can do so by digging his heel into the snow on either side; in other cases he keeps his knees slightly bent to prevent his feet touching the ground. When seen from below the headlong career looks dangerous, and it must be confessed that accidents frequently occur, but they rarely end in anything worse than a tumble in the snow. The sledge that has been deprived of its driver usually behaves with discretion, and arrives at the bottom of the slope as safely as if it were still under his charge. Of course a single track is not used at the same hours for ascending and descending.

The timber that has been hewn in the autumn is brought down from the mountains in exactly the same way, and in either case, when the loads are heavy, horses are harnessed to the sledges as soon as they reach the level ground. But sledges can only be loaded with timber on an open place above a clear and direct slope, and in order to collect the single trunks in such an opening another contrivance is used. Felling in well-regulated forests is always confined to certain portions of the woods, and from each of these a pathway is broken to what may almost be called the great timber-yard below. Along these paths stems of an equal size are laid side by side. The first snow shower or heavy rain followed by a frost binds them together, so that they form a course as smooth and certain as a railway, and down them the trunks felled in the upper woods are shot. If one happens to glide to either side, the stoppage is easily remedied. But this does not often happen, and the continual downflow of timber is one of the most interesting sights that can be witnessed on the uplands in the early winter. The branches are, of course, lopped from the trunks before they are sent on their apparently perilous way. For the most part they belong by law to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who are left to bring them down as best they can. As the stems are dressed early in the autumn, there is no injustice in this arrangement. The villagers either themselves appear or send representatives up to the scene of operations, and the loose firewood is divided in just proportions between them. The poorer peasants generally bring it down on their own backs or those of their wives and daughters while it is still green; the richer let it lie till the hay has been safely housed, as they believe that the frost and even the frozen snow, if it be carefully knocked off before the wood is stored, improves its quality for burning purposes. Wood that has once been thoroughly frozen gives more heat, they say. Such fuel is brought down either with or after the hay.

In places where amusement is sought, many other sources of profit are, of course, open to the poor. The sweeping of snow from the surface of lakes, which would otherwise be inaccessible to skaters, is one of the most profitable of these, but it is usually let to enterprising capitalists in a small way of business, who provide the labour and charge "ice-money"—that is to say, who take a toll of a few pence from every one who wishes to skate on the parts of the lakes which they have swept. The formation of private ice-grounds

which may be used either for skating or other purposes is also a source of profit for the well-to-do and of employment for the poor. But an account of these things had perhaps better be left for another article. It is something to be able to say that no Austrian who has a right of residence need suffer either from cold or hunger in the Alpine villages during the winter, if he is willing and able to do hard work, and that, if he is physically incapable of it, he will be amply and even tenderly cared for by his neighbours and public charity. If he is simply lazy and improvident, his life, it must be confessed, is not likely to be agreeable.

#### FRAGMENT OF THE TWENTIETH PROVINCIALE.

[*TO discuss at length the many curious problems presented by this hitherto unpublished fragment, apparently, of Blaise Pascal's work would be impossible, and perhaps unnecessary. It is enough to say that for the convenience of students the passages which textually agree (in a few cases tenses and pronouns being altered to suit context) with Mr. Gladstone's recently published correspondence with Mr. Arnold White are printed in italics: passages which textually reproduce the words of the already known Provincial Letters are put within inverted commas. It may be permitted to remind those who have a little forgotten their Pascal that the Letters are from the supposed Louis de Montalte to a friend, reporting interviews with a distinguished Jesuit. Few more surprising prophecies or fulfilments or coincidences, whichever word may be preferred, have ever been recorded than this, in which "the good fathers" generally may, it seems, be taken for the Gladstone-Parnell party.*]

... On my last visit to our venerable friend I presented myself before him in some trouble of spirit. I reminded him that not long ago I had been engaged in some political matters for the good fathers of his Society, and that I was able to deliver to the persons concerned a message from himself. He had therein bidden them to bethink themselves well on the position in which they stood, to look back upon the history of the past and forwards in the prospects of the future, to listen to prudence and courage and honour. I did not tell him that this requisition of a kind of Janus-faculty from the common people had seemed to me excessive, but I showed my satisfaction at the mention of prudence, courage, and honour, as guides of the political conduct of all honest men. At this he appeared pleased, for the good father is not like the blessed St. Patrick, whose modesty was so great that when they read to him hymns composed in his honour, it was necessary to omit the stanzas where his name occurred, and to explain that in poetry the superlative is sometimes put for the positive. Then I continued. He had, I said, more recently expressed himself in public concerning a certain thing called the Plan of Campaign, which, my friend, as you will doubtless know, is a device already pronounced to be contrary to human law, whereby the friends of the good fathers in Ireland retain so much as pleases them of the debts due to the good fathers' enemies. I said that he had never, so far as I could discover, denounced this plan in the simple and straightforward language which [his countrymen] like and understand; that, so far from being denounced, it was condoned and even warranted by him, and that any person looking to him for a conscience [here I thought that he showed a curious tendency to frown, to smile, and to blush at the same time] would be justified in combining with others in a similar way for any purpose. I said that so long as the Ten Commandments were not repealed, this plan would continue to seem to many unrighteous and dishonourable; that I feared no party condoning it could receive the support of those who prefer the principle of justice to the principle of tactical expediency, that the Plan was either morally and politically right or morally and politically wrong, that I could not silently bear the strain of condoning its dishonesty, with much more to the same effect.

He replied to me "with a great deal of sweetness, for he is seriously afflicted by all this disorder," that any communication from me commanded his sincere respect. But he thought my reference inaccurate, if by condoning the Plan of Campaign I meant anything more than this, that he had treated the Plan as an evil which may have averted greater evils. He had quoted the *Swing fires* [which have hitherto been put in force in Ireland imperfectly and only against animals] in a like view, but he had not condoned the *Swing fires*. And then he pointed out to me how this distinction of his was supported by the best authorities among the good fathers, while some of those authorities had gone even further than he had in similar cases. Thus Father Bauny had established this great maxim in favour of those who were not content with their wages—clearly a parallel case. "Servants," says that good father, "who have complaints to make of their wages may increase them by laying their hands on as much of their master's property as they think necessary to adjust these wages to their work." This, he remarked to me, should be read:—Deduct as much of their rent as is sufficient to adjust it to the value of their farms, and you have the precise equivalent. Further, Father Bauny alleges as a justification of this exactly the case of the Irish campaigners, saying that the servants in question may act in the manner defined "when they have been so poor at the time of [making the contract] seeking service that they were obliged to take it at the terms offered." Here I reminded him that this doctrine had actually once been put in practice, and that in the



case of *Rex v. Alba* a distinguished judge had laid down that it was a doctrine "illicit, pernicious, contrary to all law, natural, divine, and human, capable of upsetting all domestic order." But he was quick to reply to me that for a long course of centuries in Ireland law and order had been called in aid of and made a cover for the most wicked and cruel wrongs, and he had therefore nothing to do with this judicial dictum. He then continued to argue his general principle of treating things as evils which may have averted greater evils. I interrupted him by referring to another dictum about doing evil that good might come; but here he rebuked me severely. "I understood very little of the matter," said he; "the authors of this dictum were good as far as regarded the morality of their own time, but they were too far off for ours." And he produced, as an instance of this necessary development, the well-known fact that "Sotus [how justly named!] and Lessius said that it was not lawful to kill the false witness and the judge who [as in the case of the martyrs Brady and Kelly] conspire to kill an innocent; but Emanuel Sa and others disapproved of this." And he alleged a dictum even more pertinent—to wit, the famous maxim that, "If a religious person should lay aside his habit when he visits disorderly houses or goes a-picking pockets, he ought not to be excommunicated." For, though the leaving off the habit is an evil, and not to be condoned, yet the scandal brought on the habit would be a greater evil, and this the taking secular garb may have averted. So also, the illegal retaining of rent is an evil, and not to be condoned, but the possible deprivation of funds which might happen to those friends of our good fathers, the holy Irish agitators, would be a worse. I asked him whether the term "evil" was not ambiguously employed here, inasmuch as the Plan of Campaign seemed to me a moral evil, while any possible consequence that could follow the payment of rent was at the most an economic disaster or a personal loss. But "while speaking very amiably to me, for he loves me still," he rebuked me, and said this distinguishing two sorts of evil was casuistry. And he bade me take particular attention to see that his language was marked by care and caution.

In reply to this I frankly owned that no want of care or caution had marked his language in regard to the Plan of Campaign; but that I feared the construction likely to be placed on it by ignorant men would lend by implication his authority to means in themselves bad. And further, I asked his permission to publish this conversation to you, my friend, and others interested. He replied (for it is in vain to address him with irony) that he was glad to mark that his words bore in my sight a more favourable construction, and that, of course, they were liable to misinterpretation. He seemed a little chagrined at the notion of publication, saying that this was a personal correspondence, but added that he should not object. And indeed I know not why he should, seeing that whatever you, my friend, and I, and others may think of his language, it has the amplest support in the writings of the good fathers. He might have quoted to me many venerable names besides those mentioned above. Thus, for instance, the maxim of the great Escobar himself that "no one is obliged to fast who finds that he cannot sleep without supper," whence it follows that no one is obliged to pay his rent who finds that, if he did, it would be necessary to curtail his supplies of whisky. And yet again Vasquez saith:—"That which men keep in order to improve their condition and that of their relations is not superfluous," or surplus. Now it is acknowledged that rent is surplus profit; therefore tenants are not bound to pay rent, though they may have balances in the bank. Consider, too, that of Filiutius:—"The laws of the Church [and how much more, therefore, of the State?] lose their authority when they are not obeyed." Now this of itself justifies, not merely the Plan of Campaign, but the whole conduct of those who support it; and is, indeed, as I understand, the exact plea of their defenders. And Sanchez and Castrus Paláus say that, when two opinions are held on a disputed point, it is permitted to a man to take that *que sibi gravior fuerit*, and in the same breath that "the command of the Superior [i.e. the Government], though just, need not be obeyed" in certain cases. This again comports a complete justification of all that is done in the Isle of Saints.

This and much more might our good father have said had he chosen, but doubtless his time was precious. And yet, my friend, I must repeat that I am not convinced, and that I prefer the obscurity of political death to conniving at that which is inconsistent with the older forms of prudence, courage, and honour, though it may be approved or condoned by Bauny, Escobar, Sanchez, Vasquez, Diana, Filiutius, and Mr. . . .

(Here the fragment breaks off suddenly.)

#### EXHIBITIONS.

THE result of the co-operation of "the most distinguished artists of the day" in illustrating Shakespeare's heroines for the *Graphic* is far from being entirely satisfactory. Some of these painters are distinguished for anything but good qualities, and they are ill advised to venture out of the crowded seclusion of the Academy into the more lonely eminence of a small show of twenty-one canvases. Thus the *Graphic* Gallery in Brook Street presents an inequality of workmanship and artistic feeling both undesirable and unnecessary in the case of so small a collection. One thing we must say for these artists that could not be said of

some men with the most special genius for paint. Most of them seem to have studied Shakspeare intelligently, and to have understood that they were bound to illustrate a character and a writer, not only to do their best at painting any figure anyhow. Some of the pictures, however, are so very poor in workmanship that they look like work transcribed from good originals by copyists who have had no further training than copying from the flat. The purpose of modelling seems to be overlooked, and the charm of deft suggestion of various planes on the flat almost totally ignored, while the nobler uses of handling in emphasizing character and supporting style are replaced by a cult of insignificant neatness. Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Frank Dicksee have perhaps searched the most effectually for elevation of type and style. The President's charming picture of Desdemona, leaning forward intent on Othello's adventures, and Mr. Dicksee's finely draped head and bust of Beatrice, both show a considerable amount of grace and dignity. Others have been conceived with a powerful and painter-like realization of circumstance and effect, as Mr. Alma Tadema's original and strange-looking "Portia, wife of Brutus," in which the elaboration of the moonlit bald head surely verges on levity; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Cleopatra," a picture very true and strong as to large facts of construction, but showing a hard, cold, and unpleasantly black young man, rather than a voluptuous woman; Mr. Henry Wood's "Portia," with a charming Venetian background of sea, sky, and glimmering houses seen through a sunny, summer haze; and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's firmly drawn and nicely worked presentment of Imogen approaching the cave. That capricious, unequal, but always interesting artist, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, has also illustrated Rosalind with due surroundings in a suggestive and personal, if hardly realistic, way. Anne Page is also shown by Mr. G. D. Leslie in a trim and neat Elizabethan garden. The painting of the house, garden wall, and other surroundings please one more than the figure. Mr. Calderon puts Juliet on her balcony in the moonlight. The work is serious and of his best sort; his figure, however, appears to us of rather a sickly yellow, as well as much too old and lackadaisical for Shakspeare's impetuous child of fourteen. Mr. P. R. Morris has done one of his best things in "Audrey." The type is most happily found, and the main masses of light are kept right in tone; it is a pity, then, that we should see in the modelling of the arms, &c., any of that lamentable carelessness which so often ruins his work. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Olivia," in spite of a look of confused overcrowding, will be found on inspection excellently drawn and full of careful, conscientious painting. Mr. L. Fildes's "Jessica" is below his average; Mr. C. E. Perugini's "Silvia" is tame; Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Katharine of France" a delicate and picturesque piece of work, especially in the rendering of costumes, and Mr. Poynter's "Cressida" rather a weird and dreary revival of some archaic Greek type than an illustration of the Shakspearian ideal of lightness and peridy. Whatever we may think of Mr. Long's method of painting, we must admit that he has managed to give us a convincing view of the devil that was in Katharine, the Shrew. The remaining pictures are the work of Messrs. Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, W. F. Yeames, F. W. W. Topham, and F. Goodall. To each of the titles in the Catalogue is attached a very readable account by Mr. W. E. Henley of the play from which the character is taken. It was surely hardly necessary, however, to assume on the part of the public such an entire ignorance of the plots of Shakspeare's plays.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have two collections of paintings on view, a set of pictures and sketches in oil made by Mr. Edwin Hayes during the past twenty years, and a small exhibition of Mr. A. Ludovici's work. Mr. Hayes's art must be very familiar to the public, but those who have only seen his large and more formal pictures in the exhibitions will be agreeably surprised by the vivacity and charm of many of his small sketches. Some of these—too many to treat of in detail—are charming in their well-balanced arrangement, their pleasant lively handling, and their artistic suggestion of the main features of coast scenery. Perhaps we might call "Mills at Ostend" (121), a stretch of flat Dutch country, and "Margate Cliffs" (122), with its pleasant tones of warm chalk, the best of all. Mere notes as they are, they have that accidental sort of variety in colour, that grasp of broad effect in tone, that magical and aerial suggestion of form which please artists more than all the laborious niggling of a person who can only see a view piecemeal. Mr. Hayes, on the whole, is rather an elegant painter than a keen observer or a striking and original realist. His brushwork is often effective, as may be remarked in the spirit and ease with which the waves dashing over the foreground in "Constantine Bay" (2) are treated, in the clever and suggestive "drag" of the light on the water in "Mount Batten Island" (73), in the touches that model the surface of the sea in "Study of Sea" (61), and in the artistic confusion of "Mount's Bay, Cornwall" (22). A fine quality of colour has been obtained in "Dordrecht on the Maas" (31), "Mount's Bay" (8), and many others. By looking about one observes a slight tendency to cold anaerial blues in clouds and open sky. This fault, rare in the sketches, becomes pronounced in the large pictures, of which there are three examples. In "North-West Gale" (127), for instance, the uniform cold lead of the lower clouds, unbroken as it is by any play of colour, displeases the eye and gives an appearance of weakness and falseness happily absent from most of the sketches. The power of the colour scheme is not increased in proportion to the size of the canvas. Moreover, by enlargement the handling loses

significance and charm, the sea liquidity and feeling of freedom, and the convention of the style becomes too thin and apparent. Mr. Hayes would require an altogether bolder style of work to produce on a large canvas the effect of freshness and vigorous broken colour that he has got in the atmospheric sky of the little "Mount's Bay" (8).

Mr. Ludovici's sketches in oil and water-colour are called "Dots, Notes, Spots." Splashes and Blots would better describe his manner than Dots and Spots. Some Whistler, some Van Beers, some Clara Montalba, dilute the natural Ludovici, at times with pleasing effect. The artist has some peculiar habits of his own, especially in the drawing of legs and in the exhibiting of spots, which should be kept in the studio till they happen to suggest a picture. We are not raising a Philistine outcry for finish, meaning thereby plenty of elaboration in drawing, tone, and colour; for the vaguer Mr. Ludovici remains the better. His "made out," comparatively big canvases are an utter failure, while many of the smaller suggestions are charming arrangements of decorative colour. Such amongst the oils are "A Query" (3), "Fantasia in Black" (4), and "Harmony in Grey (Pierrette)" (16). "The Dog Cart" (25) pushes to affectation a good style of painting in true tones on rough canvas without details. "Southampton Waters" (32) and "On the Quay, Boulogne" (48), are fresh water-colour blots nicely dabbed in. We keep the best to the last. This is "A Study in Brown" (6), a really serious and artistic sketch of a warm, candle-lit interior steeped in rich tones, leading up to a fine note of red in the bow on a child's shoulder.

#### THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE formidable opposition offered to the re-election of Mr. Forbes and Lord Gort at the meeting of the shareholders of the Metropolitan District Railway Company this week is a natural result of the Directors' Report for the second half of last year, issued the other day. How very formidable that opposition was is apparent from the statement made by Mr. Forbes himself of the number of proxies sent to the Directors and to the opposition. Roughly the opposition received proxies representing about seven-ninths of the total number sent in. In other words, there were seven for the opposition to nine for the Directors; and these figures are all the more significant when we bear in mind that all that was proposed by the opposition was the postponement of the adoption of a part of the Report and of the re-election of the Chairman and Lord Gort until a searching inquiry had been instituted into the accounts. Apparently the opposition were not prepared with a substitute for the Chairman. Had the amendment been carried, it is very probable that Mr. Forbes would at once have withdrawn from the Board, and thus the Company would have been left without a chief. Many persons, utterly dissatisfied with the present management, were not ready to face such an eventuality. They desired to know who was to be the ruling spirit before they rejected Mr. Forbes; and yet, as we see, the proxies given to the opposition constituted an exceedingly large proportion of all the proxies sent in. It must be confessed that the Directors' Report furnishes solid ground for the dissatisfaction thus evinced. It appears that, comparing the second half of last year with the second half of 1886, there was a loss of passengers amounting to the enormous number of four millions—equal practically to the whole population of the metropolis. As the result, the net revenue shows a falling off, comparing again the same two half-years, of 36,572*l.*; the consequence being that there is no dividend for the preference shareholders, while the prospect of the ordinary shareholders ever receiving a dividend has become more and more remote. In their Report the Directors assign as reasons for this unfortunate state of things the cessation of exhibitions at South Kensington, the general depression, and the intensified competition of the omnibuses. It has been well observed, however, that, if the cessation of exhibitions at South Kensington has had so disastrous a result, then it follows that the Company has been living for years past upon mere windfalls, and consequently that the collapse that has now occurred would have come long ago had the exhibitions not been held. As for the general depression, it is not easy to see how it can affect the condition of the District Railway. General depression is a good explanation for a falling off in goods traffic; but it can hardly lessen the number of persons within the metropolis who have to travel from the suburbs to the City and other places of business. The real reasons of the collapse, no doubt, are more correctly stated in the circular issued by the Directors in reply to the circular sent out by the opposition—namely, the unprofitable investment of the Company in the "City" lines, constructed jointly with the Metropolitan at a cost to each Company of about a million and a quarter, and the fierce competition of the omnibuses. "The main thoroughfares of London, especially those running over or immediately parallel to the District Railway for its whole length from Aldgate to Charing Cross, Westminster, Hammersmith, and even to Fulham," says the Directors' circular above referred to, "have been improved, repaved, and relit at enormous cost to the ratepayers; horse provender has fallen to a price lower than ever was known, and the consequence has been an extraordinary development of the omnibus service, helped by fierce competition carried on between the Road Car Company and the General Omnibus Company, at

fares so low as to be ruinous to one Company and very damaging to the other. Between them they have abstracted from the District a vast number of "short" passengers, with a loss of revenue estimated at about 25,000*l.* per annum.

At the shareholders' meeting some of the speakers comforted themselves with the hope that the fare-cutting of the omnibuses must some time or other come to an end; and that horse provender will not always be as cheap as at present; but this is cold comfort for the shareholders. There is no early prospect of any considerable rise in the price of horse provender, and the success of the omnibus Companies is likely to encourage them to compete still more keenly with the railway. The real hope must be in a change in the system of management. The Directors ought to recognize that their past policy has been proved unwise by the event, and they should so improve the accommodation they give to their customers, and so lower the fares, that they would attract back again the four millions of passengers who have been lost. The truth is that the Board believed they could dictate terms to the public. The atmosphere of the railway has been allowed to remain poisonous, and the accommodation in many respects requires improvement; while the omnibus Companies have been vigorously striving for the support of the public. Again, the unprofitableness of the "City lines" is very largely due to the antagonism between the District and the Metropolitan Company. Unfortunately the Chairmen of these two Companies are in conflict with one another, not only in the Metropolitan system, but also in the South. Mr. Forbes is Chairman of the Chatham and Dover as well as of the District, and Sir Edward Watkin is Chairman of the South-Eastern as well as of the Metropolitan. In both systems they are carrying out policies antagonistic one to the other, and there seems to have grown up a personal feeling out of this antagonism. The completion of the Inner Circle, which was to have done so much for the benefit of both Companies, has proved of no value. At the meeting Mr. Forbes confessed that the whole of the capital sunk in the "City lines" is practically returning no interest; but it is quite clear that this ought not to be the case if the two Companies were worked harmoniously one with the other and if they pursued a more far-sighted policy. Now that the Inner Circle is completed the two Companies ought obviously to be amalgamated. Their lines are part of one system, and there is really not enough work to do for two staffs. Were the Companies amalgamated there would be but one Board and one staff, and, consequently, there would be a very considerable saving of expense. Still more important, there would be but one policy pursued. Unfortunately the antagonism between the Boards, and especially between the Chairmen, is such as to have rendered fruitless in the past all efforts at amalgamation. One of the reasons assigned by the opposition to Mr. Forbes's re-election was distinctly stated to be the impossibility of arriving at any understanding with the Metropolitan as long as he and Sir Edward Watkin remained at the head of the two Companies. It is no part of our business to take sides in the controversy between these two gentlemen or to attempt to apportion the blame between them. In the interests, not alone of the shareholders of the District Company, but of the travelling public also, it is, however, very clear that a good understanding of some kind ought to be established between the Companies. If amalgamation is out of the question, a working arrangement ought to be practicable; and now that so powerful a body of shareholders have taken the matter earnestly in hand, we hope they will persevere and insist that some such working arrangement should be arrived at.

There is one other point which ought to be striven for—namely, to connect the Metropolitan system with the greater systems North and South of London. We observed some weeks ago, when commenting upon the struggle between the Southern Companies, that it was absurd in the interests of the Companies, and very inconvenient for the travelling public, that a person arriving, let us say, at Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, cannot travel to Holyhead, or Edinburgh, or Glasgow, as the case might be, without changing carriage, and similarly that goods cannot be conveyed without breaking bulk. It would be very easy to establish connexion between the Metropolitan system and all the systems north and south of the Thames, and, indeed, communication of a kind already exists. The East London, for example, of which Sir Edward Watkin is also Chairman, is another unfortunate concern which might be utilized in establishing the communication between the Northern and the Southern systems. All the metropolitan Companies would benefit thereby; there would be considerable benefit likewise to the greater Companies; while the advantage to the travelling public is obvious. As it happens, Mr. Forbes and Sir Edward Watkin are in a very favourable position for carrying out such an arrangement. As we observed above, the one is Chairman both of the District and the Chatham and Dover Companies, and the other of the South-Eastern, the Metropolitan, and the East London Companies. They could very easily, therefore, establish a working arrangement between their Southern lines and the Metropolitan system if they could only once come to an understanding between themselves; and there ought to be no serious difficulty—and we apprehend, indeed, that there would be none—in coming to an agreement with the great lines north of the Thames. As a rule, the great lines are quite alive to the necessity of giving improved accommodation to their customers and of increasing the facilities they offer in every direction; but it is hopeless to look for any arrangement of the kind until the Boards of the District and



of the Metropolitan Companies are brought into harmony, and we fear that this can be done only by the pressure of the shareholders of the two Companies. If the present state of things continues, it is they who will suffer most; whereas, if harmony is established, they will benefit most. In their hands, then, the remedy lies; and, unless they bestir themselves, the remedy will not be applied. Some of our contemporaries write as if they thought that the position of the District had become desperate. We do not think so. The original expenditure upon the line was no doubt enormous, and a great mistake was made when four tracks were not at once laid down; but yet it is to be borne in mind that the District serves a most important and constantly growing district, and that it needs but better management and a better understanding with the Metropolitan to regain the favour of the public. In weather such as we have been having of late the District has an enormous advantage over either omnibuses or cabs, and that advantage can only be squandered away by utter mismanagement. But, if the favour of the public is to be regained, the interests of the public must be considered; especially the atmosphere of the line must be improved, and some better accommodation likewise must be given.

## FRENCH PLAYS.

M. COQUELIN has been engaged by M. Mayer for a series of performances at the Royalty which will last over seven weeks, and in which he will appear in a variety of his more famous impersonations, assisted by his son, M. Jean Coquelin, and by his brother, M. Coquelin cadet. We doubt whether it will be possible for him to select from his extensive repertory a play in which his talent is shown to greater advantage than in *L'Étourdi*, given on Monday evening. This comedy is little known in England, but is still very popular in France, where, whenever it is announced, the house is sure to be well filled. Although Molière himself acknowledged that he founded it upon an Italian comedy, called *L'Inavvertito*, of Nicolò Barbieri, it is not improbable that it formed part of the repertory of the Venetian Segella whose marionette theatre proved so formidable a rival to Molière and his troupe of living actors during their earlier struggle for fame. At least this is the opinion of M. Guépin in his most interesting *Histoire de la Ville de Nantes*, in which he gives some very curious details of the performances of both Segella and Molière. *L'Étourdi* is, in some historical senses, a more interesting play than the greater masterpieces which succeeded it. Needless to enter into details of a plot which is familiar, of course, to all students of the greatest French dramatist. It is really a one-part play; for the entire intrigue revolves on the extraordinary endeavours of Mascarille to assist his master Lélié to obtain possession of the beautiful but enslaved Célie. M. Coquelin plays this character to perfection. He reverently adheres to the traditions connected with it, which have been handed down from the days of Molière to his own through a long and unbroken chain of actors; so that in all probability, when witnessing his performance, we can feel pretty certain that he is acting it as Molière would have played it himself. His vivacity never flags, his joyous laughter is contagious, and the series of comical expressions which he assumes are so appropriate to the words as to be amazingly diverting. Nothing could be funnier than his demure expression when inventing the story of the supposed death of Lélié's father, in order to extract money from Anselme to give his master Lélié, so that he may purchase the coveted slave. He tells this little fiction with an earnestness that almost deceives the audience, and it is only now and then by his sly winks and shrugs of the shoulder that we are made aware he is only funning. Equally excellent is he in the celebrated scene in which he prompts Lélié, disguised as an Armenian, how he should conduct himself when he has once got inside the house of the slave-dealer, to enjoy there under false pretences the hospitality of that ancient adventurer and the society of the adored Célie. There was a mingled look of exasperation and sly drollery on his face when his feather-brained master insisted upon stating to Trufaldin that he came from Turin instead of Tunis, which cannot easily be effaced from the memory of those who watched closely such consummate acting. M. Coquelin, too, was extremely funny in the masquerade scene, and indeed throughout we are bound to admit that it would be almost impossible to find a flaw, unless it be that sometimes he speaks too rapidly to be followed with ease by those not very familiar with the language or text. His son, M. Jean Coquelin, played Lélié, and, although he is very young, showed not only talent but considerable experience, doubtless the result of the excellent coaching he has received from his father, to whom he bears a striking resemblance. The rest of the cast has little to do; but the company is far above the average which usually surrounds a star, and the acting of MM. Duquesne, Deroy, and Riquier was in every way commendable. The female interest of *L'Étourdi* is trifling, but Mlle. Lemercier and Kerwich were very becoming costumes, looked well, and spoke their lines with grace and distinction; and this was well, for Molière, like Shakspeare, very often gave the finest poetry in his pieces to characters who only appear once. In a certain sense, *L'Étourdi* is the most Shakspearian of any of Molière's plays. It is constructed somewhat after the fashion of our own great dramatist's comedies, and scattered throughout in the most unexpected places appear gems

of poetry. As an instance, to Trufaldin, certainly not a very important character, is entrusted the celebrated speech beginning—

D'un chène grand et fort,  
Dont près de deux cents ans ont fait déjà le sort—

in which he graphically and in thoroughly Shakspearian fashion describes, not only the tree from which he cuts it, but the stick itself, which he has prepared for the back of the tricky Lélié. M. Deroy gave it due importance, and was consequently much applauded. On Wednesday M. Coquelin appeared again as the ambitious advocate Destournelles in *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, a polished and sympathetic piece of acting which we have already described not a very long time since.

## MR. ARNOLD ON WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, as we all know, is nothing if not egotistic and ingenious. No doubt when dealing with matters other than theological he generally writes to the point and often has the best of the argument. But even then his ingenuous egotism always impels him to infuse an *amari aliquid* which goes far to discount the value of his testimony. He reminds us, at the opening of his article in the current number of the *National Review*, that he had pledged himself to write no more on religion or politics, whereas he is now dealing with a mixed religious and political question—"Disestablishment in Wales." But the present frank and moderate temper of the Conservative party has emboldened him to break his pledge, and interpose as the candid friend with his advice on the burning question of the Welsh Church, or rather let us say—for that phrase is a "question-begging" one—the Church in Wales. His leading principle is that, in a country like ours, full at once of old traditions and modern ideas, the true policy is neither to destroy nor to maintain intact things which have become "absurd," but to "mend" them. He thinks, for instance—as does Earl Grey—that this would have been the right course to pursue twenty years ago with the Irish Church, instead of disestablishing it; and supposing concurrent endowment to have been then feasible, as no doubt it was in Mr. Pitt's time, we are disposed to agree with him. But we are not by any means convinced, as will appear presently, that his parallel between Wales and Ireland will hold good, or, to speak plainly, we think it manifestly does not hold good. But of that more anon. As regards the Church of England generally Mr. Arnold considers that an intelligent Conservative should say—the italics are his own—"We desire to keep a National and Established Church; and also to get rid of Lord Lonsdale," that is, of Lord Lonsdale as patron of forty livings. Nobody disputes that there is room for improvement in the existing system of Church patronage—notably as to sale of next presentations—though it must in fairness be allowed that, like other illogical—or, if Mr. Arnold prefers the term, "absurd"—English institutions, it works far better than might *à priori* have been expected, infinitely better to our mind than e.g. the more consistent and logical method of filling vacant cures in the Established Church of Scotland. It might not be difficult to prove on paper that the rectors and vicars nominated under the present régime must usually be wholly unfit for their post. Nor would it be more difficult to prove on paper that the education of our public schools before the Arnoldian reform—say of "Eton under Keate"—must have been wholly inefficient, if not something worse. But somehow the faultless abstract demonstration does not square with facts. However, we are not concerned just now with the Church patronage controversy, but Mr. Arnold imports into his treatment of the Welsh Church too much of the same doctrinaire spirit, besides betraying an imperfect and inaccurate appreciation of the facts of the case, which by no means corresponds with the situation in Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War, when the local division of religious endowments which so much pleases him was first arranged. In one respect indeed he allows that the three great "corporations" put in possession by the Treaty of Westphalia no longer remain as they were, though he evidently fails to estimate the importance of the change imposed on them much against their will in 1817 by Frederick William III., who by a *coup d'état* fused the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies into one external communion under the name of the Evangelical Church. But it would take us too far afield to discuss that matter here.

Mr. Arnold's fundamental fallacy lies in his supposed analogy between the ecclesiastical condition of Wales and Ireland. The following passage defines the basis of his argument, the italics being our own here:—"In Ireland formerly, and now in Wales, the form of religion established [at the Reformation] is not that followed in those localities at the outset [as neither was it in England in the sense Mr. Arnold means] and has not been adopted by more than a minority of the people there since. A grievance in this case there certainly is, and it will be felt to be a grievance, will provoke complaints. In Ireland it was removed by disestablishment; the question now is as to the grievance in Wales." In Ireland the facts are of course pretty much as Mr. Arnold states them, except that the "grievance" was always more a sentimental than a practical one, and its removal by disestablishment has, to say the least, done nothing to allay the bitterness of religious feuds, while in the opinion of many who have no theological bias in favour of the disestablished Church,

it has resulted in a thriftless waste of large funds which before contributed something at least to the moral and social benefit of the great bulk of the population. To a certain extent Mr. Arnold would agree with us here. He would have preferred concurrent endowment to disestablishment in Ireland, and that is what he wants in Wales, only organized on the German model of a geographical limitation of rival Churches. But Wales, we repeat, is not as Ireland, and to say of it that "the form of religion established [at the Reformation] has not been adopted by more than a minority of the people there since" betrays a strange ignorance of the religious history of the country. Of the present statistics of Welsh Dissent we shall have a word to say by-and-bye. What we desire to point out here is that it dates, not from the Reformation, but from the middle of the last century. Mr. Arnold says, correctly so far, that the principal Welsh sects follow the Presbyterian form of worship, and he would like to see that form established, in place of the Anglican, in those parts of Wales where it preponderates. He may have ascertained the fact from *Whitaker's Almanac*, and he might have learnt from the same source that the Welsh Presbyterian body dates from the year 1735, more than two centuries after the Reformation, and cannot properly be regarded as a Dissenting sect till 1810, when it first had ordained ministers of its own; up to that time its members were in the habit of communicating in their parish churches. And it is a curious memento of the late and very gradual introduction of Welsh Presbyterian Calvinism that up to our own day the Welsh Calvinists retain, and are the only Dissenting community who do retain, definite formularies of faith, their formularies being, moreover, in addition to the Scotch "Shorter Catechism," the 39 Articles and the Apostles' Creed.

But there is a good deal more than this to be said as to the late origin of Welsh Dissent. So far from Anglicanism having never been adopted by more than a minority of the people, the exact opposite is the case. Mr. Gladstone himself, if we recollect aright, used to insist, in an earlier stage of his mental evolution, that in no part of Great Britain had the Church of England been so universally and so heartily accepted. So true is this that, when Wesley's preachers first appeared there—about the period from which the origin of Welsh Calvinism is dated—they were stoned by the people. At that time there were hardly a dozen Dissenting chapels throughout the Principality. The main cause of the rapid increase of Welsh Dissent since then is a very simple one. In the "rationalistic" eighteenth century Church life was at a low ebb everywhere—of which the Wesleyan movement was itself a striking evidence—and in Wales as in Ireland a custom had grown up of utilizing the episcopal patronage of the Crown for purely political ends. The bishops appointed sometimes did not reside in their diocese at all, seldom showed much interest in it, and never spoke Welsh. And they naturally enough appointed rectors and vicars like-minded and of like qualifications with themselves. Hence the game was thrown into the hands of teachers who, whatever their shortcomings in other respects, could speak a language understood of the people. Within living memory all this has been so completely changed that there even seems to be some danger now of too exclusive stress being laid on the provision of Welsh-speaking bishops and incumbents. And meanwhile one difficulty is steadily curing itself with the spread of education and of railways. Welsh as a spoken tongue is surely and not very slowly dying out in spite of the galvanic efforts of the Eisteddfod; from a literary point of view it never had any claim to live. In all human probability it will be extinct in another half-century at latest. And thus we are brought to notice the existing state of Welsh religion, of which Mr. Arnold speaks, not indeed so inaccurately as of its history, but in a manner which is very misleading. He observes quite truly that hitherto the Dissenters have prevented the taking of a religious census—for reasons sufficiently obvious—and that without it no precise certainty as to the relative strength of the rival Churches is obtainable. But he greatly overestimates the actual majority of Dissenters, and underestimates the steady advance of the Church in Wales during the last few decades. In the absence of any official census—which they "prevent"—the Nonconformists are much addicted to starting every now and then a private census of their own managed of course entirely on their own lines. Such a census was arranged and loudly trumpeted last year by a Welsh Dissenting organ called the *Baner* (*sic*), the unfairness of which in many particulars was promptly exposed by its opponents. One little detail we may mention here. Among the attendants at Nonconformist chapels were included Roman Catholics. Now in many parts of Wales there is a large Irish mining population, which of course is Roman Catholic, whose numbers, however large, equally of course have no bearing whatever on the point at issue. These Irish immigrants are not Dissenters from the Established Church, to which neither they nor their fathers ever belonged; nor would they have been reckoned among its members if its practical working for the last three centuries had been as faultless and as successful as at one time it was partly the reverse. Yet they are lugged in head and shoulders to bolster up a comparative plea with which they have no sort of connexion or concern. When Mr. Arnold urges that there is "no other territory in England, well defined and considerable as Wales," where Dissenters are in a majority, the method of statement involves a confusion of thought. On his own showing it is only in parts of Wales that there is this marked preponderance, and there are certainly parts of England—Cornwall for example—of which the same might be affirmed, and for very

similar reasons. If "there are districts of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire" where Presbyterian Calvinism ought on this ground to be established, just the same argument would apply to Cornwall, probably also to parts of Yorkshire and other English counties. To argue that as "disestablishment in Ireland lessened the security of the Church in England, disestablishment in Wales would lessen it still more," and therefore it ought to be disestablished in certain parts of Wales, sounds strangely like paralysism. The natural inference surely would be that a process of local disestablishment in Wales, assuming it to be as feasible in practice as it is easy to map it out on paper, would suggest the application of a kindred process to any district in England where Dissent was equally prevalent. A very sufficient reply to the plea in either case is, first, that the alleged preponderance of Dissent is greatly exaggerated; and, secondly, that to such a scheme of piecemeal disintegration might fitly be applied the Scriptural axiom, "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." Mr. Arnold is confident that the Church, if allowed to try the experiment, could not in a century "absorb" Welsh Dissent. Is he prepared to deny that in a fraction of that period the Church can and will, if left to itself, at least reduce the relative average of Dissent in Wales to the present, and steadily diminishing, average in England? And in England he is himself—rightly in our judgment—opposed to disestablishment altogether.

#### DRAMATIC RECORD.

A PLAY entitled *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, founded upon the novel of the same name by Mr. Fergus Hume, and dramatized by Mr. Arthur Law, was performed for the first time last week at the Princess's Theatre. The novel had one merit which the play does not possess—the identity of the murderer was ingeniously concealed until the end; whereas in the play the collaborating dramatist has been obliged to reveal it to the audience from the beginning, thereby considerably weakening the interest. The piece is constructed with ability, although the dialogue is rather weak. Nevertheless, audiences who delight in watching the solution of mysterious events and forming the acquaintance upon the stage of people of shady antecedents will doubtless derive much pleasure from a visit to the Princess's. There is nothing objectionable in the piece, which runs much on the same lines as a dozen other melodramas we could name, the plots of which turn upon events connected with neglected wives, missing documents, the evil-doings of blackmailers, false accusations of murder, and like exciting incidents crowded together in such a manner as to bring before the spectators as in a panorama a varied picture of life in its gloomiest aspect, tempered, however, by the introduction of comic characters imitated from Charles Dickens. Miss Grace Hawthorne is to be congratulated on having gathered around her a strong company; so that the acting was above the average of what we usually see in pieces of this class. Mr. Fernandez plays an unsympathetic part with a dignity which saves it from becoming wearisome; Mr. Barnes is the wrongfully accused hero; and Mr. Harry Parker makes a capital detective; but, beyond these personages, the long list of male characters on the programme does not include one of importance. Miss Grace Hawthorne does her best to render the character of Sal Rawlins, "a storm-tossed waif on the sea of life"—whatever that may be—interesting, and if she fails the fault is scarcely hers. Mrs. Huntley plays a gin-drinking old hag with great power, but her death from delirium tremens is the reverse of a pleasing exhibition. Miss Dolores Drummond—one of the most versatile actresses on the London stage—achieves a veritable triumph as Mrs. Sampson, a comical landlady with an inexhaustible flow of rambling conversation *à la* Camp. Nothing can be better than her "get up," or more imitatively droll than her acting.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has been a wanderer, and for the past three months, together with Miss Mary Moore, has acted in *David Garrick* at Berlin and other German cities, and has even performed with immense success at St. Petersburg and Moscow. His pronunciation of the German language is said to be perfect, and his reception everywhere was flattering. On Wednesday night he returned to the Criterion, and repeated his well-known impersonation of David Garrick, in which he displayed a decided increase of power. He showed throughout a marked improvement in his acting, which has become much more vigorous and earnest in the dramatic parts, whilst the lighter scenes are as brisk and mercurial as ever. Miss Moore repeated her quiet and ladylike performance of the rather doleful part of Ada Ingot. Mr. David James's Ingot is so well known and admirable a piece of acting that we need only refer to it to recall its many excellences, and the same may be said of Mr. W. Blakeley as Smith and young Mr. Sidney Brough as Jones. Miss Terriss, who made her debut recently, now takes the part originally created by Miss Norreys in *Why Women Weep*, and plays it with sweetness and grace. She is very young, but already manifests distinct talent for the stage, which study and experience will soon improve.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the last concert was good, though in no way remarkable. Nothing absolutely new or of controversial interest was introduced. Sterndale Bennett's "Overture to Lord Byron's Poem of *Parisina*" (Op. 3) opened the concert.



This work, though composed at the early age of nineteen, shows Bennett already fully alive to style, inclined to dignity of idea, and, moreover, somewhat original in his workmanship. It has little of the coloured picturesqueness of later days, and perhaps not all the warmth of feeling which the poem demands; but it shows a vital sympathy with the great masters and a real comprehension of music as a pure art. A work of this sort, lofty in aim, and claiming before all things to be judged with serious music, would be even now a severe standard by which to judge the first efforts of young musicians. The performance was excellent; the stringed band, on whom a good deal of the effect of the Overture depends, being in fine disposition for their work.

The Symphony of the day was Schumann's in C (Op. 61), by no means the most agreeable of his works. In spite of the power and nobility of the imagination in this music, of the many happy "finds" in the way of motives, of the incessant energy of invention, and in spite of the magnificent interpretation which it met with on Saturday, one could not listen to this prodigious tempest of sound with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. Even the grand swing and passionate utterance of the first movement became tedious, owing to an over-insistence on certain effects that play too violently on the nervous sensibility. The emotion of the Symphony is that of a screeching passion without lucid intervals. No nerves will stand this constant shiver of excitement of the same sort. The second subject, for instance, is intensely expressive; but it is not preceded by, followed by, and contrasted with stuff which makes its appearances refreshing and effective. In its treatment one is conscious of an abuse of the high, loud, and piercing qualities of an orchestra. Something similar may be said of all the movements of this the most feverish of symphonies. With the magnificent playing and sonorous volume of the Crystal Palace orchestra the effect of the music was unquestionably less exhausting than usual. Their rendering of the untiring activity of the "Scherzo" and the noble calm of the second "Trio" was quite worthy of the best movement in the Symphony.

Miss Fanny Davies charmed us once more with her exquisitely refined playing of Beethoven's "Concerto for Piano," No. 4, in G major. Her sympathy with this work is so manifest, and her reading of it so consistent and so artistically complete, that while she is playing one cannot imagine it treated otherwise with any advantage. Her touch was delicately tender in the magic and warbling entrance of the piano after the first long orchestral *tutti*. Further on her liquid notes allied themselves marvellously well with the rich, low, guttural quaver of sound which seems to thrill through the second part of this sensuously beautiful movement. Certainly Miss Davies is constantly improving in pathos, in breadth of phrasing, and in power of cantabile, as may be seen in the ease with which she makes the real song of the music appear to float over technical difficulties and gymnastics. She plays with that nervous force which suggests the infinite power of the orchestra waiting behind, and which produces more effect of energy on the mind than can be done by coarsely-used physical strength. Miss Davies chose her solo pieces with more taste than the greater number of instrumentalists have led us to expect. This part of the concert the soloist too often regards as the proper moment to arrest the flow of soul and pour out a libation to technique. Miss Davies gave Brahms's sturdy *Rhapsodie in G Minor* with considerable robustness of execution, and she made great play of the contrast between a lively brilliant *staccato* and a charming *legato* in Rubinstein's *Staccato étude*. Mme. Patey, the singer of the afternoon, was in good voice, but we felt a little want of the dramatic stateliness which Mme. Trebelli has taught us to demand in Handel's "Ombra mai fu." Sullivan's Recitative and Air, "The Lord is Risen" (*The Light of the World*), she sang with a perfect understanding and much expression.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns has written higher and more dignified work than the "Poème Symphonique," *Le Rouet d'Omphale*. There is more of cleverness than of feeling or of grandeur in the treatment of the theme so as to suggest first "feminine allurements"; then the monstrous Titanic groan of the enslaved hero, and, last, the mocking laughter of Omphale. Music, like pictures, must be judged apart from titles. Any one can tack on to a work of art a lofty or a mean title. The enslavement of a prizefighter by a lady of no virtue would be as truly pictured by this music. It is perhaps impudent to prefer the heroic title when no particular pomp or stateliness has been attempted. This sort of thing is not possible in the more definite art of literature; it results in a *genre* which is called burlesque. If M. Saint-Saëns's *Poème* is not meant to be taken seriously, which is possible, we must call it successful, though perhaps too heavy in parts.

## REVIEWS.

### LAYARD'S EARLY ADVENTURES.\*

IT is not quite forty years since Mr. A. H. Layard surprised the literary world by his account of a visit to the Chaldean

\* *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a Residence among the Bakhtiari and other Wild Tribes before the Discovery of Nineveh.* By Sir Henry Layard, G.C.B., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains" &c., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. 2 vols. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

Christians of Kurdistan and the Yezidis or devil-worshippers, and by his inquiry into the manners and arts of the ancient Assyrians. Every intelligent person was expected to know something about winged bulls, Oriental despots in their chariots, and strings of helpless captives and slaves. Mr. Layard had started on his adventurous expedition in company with Mr. E. H. Mitford, whose *Land March from England to Ceylon* was reviewed in these pages in September 1884. It is clear to us from a comparison of the narratives of these two hardy pioneers that they were both, in their several ways, too self-reliant and determined to journey long in harmony together. But without speculating about their controversy on the choice of routes and places, we have no reason to regret that they parted company. Mr. Mitford from Isfahan went on to Khorasan and Kandahar, and finally was appointed to the Ceylon Civil Service. Mr. Layard paid two visits to the mountains of Luristan, made the acquaintance of the Great Elchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, explored the ruins of Nineveh, and finally represented our Government at Constantinople. To the severance of a travelling partnership we owe two good books of adventure. Mr. Mitford covered a larger area, and carried out his intention of getting to India. Mr. Layard visited a part of Persia thought inaccessible to any man, English or Persian, who had not an army at his back; and even when he goes over more familiar ground he has a good deal to tell us which is both striking and new. In his present work Sir H. Layard very wisely refrains from much antiquarian dissertation. He alludes constantly to ruins and sculptures over which Pundits may wrangle; blocks of stone, inscriptions rendered almost illegible by time and weather; the tombs of prophets and the palaces of kings. But he is mainly occupied with the living and not with the dead. We may pass lightly over his tour in Syria and Palestine. He tasted the water of pools near the Dead Sea, and found it noisome and bitter; explored Petra; was attacked by Bedouins, and pillaged by deserters; and very cleverly managed to elude the officials who, in dread of the plague, had established a sanitary cordon round the city of Damascus. But the stirring feature of his narrative dates from his arrival at Kirmanshah and Isfahan. Owing to the suspension of our diplomatic relations with the Shah, any wandering Englishman was at that time, and not without reason, an object of distrust and suspicion. Mr. Layard witnessed the widespread ruin caused by the rabble dignified by the title of the Shah's army. Like the locusts, the soldiers cleared the whole country on their march. Fruit-trees were cut for firewood; vines and standing corn trampled down; houses invaded, and bazaars looted. At length, after the usual evasions, delays, promises of safe-conduct and firmans very tardily carried out, the author was allowed to start for the Bakhtiari tribes. The most important functionary in Persia at that time, after the monarch himself, appears to have been the Governor of Isfahan, the Mutamed Al-Doula, "the Trusted One of the State." This exalted individual, familiarly known as the Matamet, was a Georgian born of Christian parents, but purchased as a slave by some Mohammedan and made a eunuch. He was a ruler of the strong, cruel, and vigorous type. He protected the weak, made life and property fairly secure, and administered the bastinado unsparingly to high and low. While waiting on the Matamet Mr. Layard was introduced to a Bakhtiari chief named Shafia Khan, and to Ali Naghi or Nukki Khan, own brother to Mohammed Taki Khan, who was the head of the largest division of the Bakhtiari. Over an excellent repast of stews, sweetmeats, and pilao, flanked by the red wine of Shiraz, it was settled that the enterprising young Englishman, who was neither a spy nor a seeker of hidden treasure, should be allowed to visit the mighty mountain chief at his residence at Kara Tul. And so, after more delays and references to the Koran and to holy Mullas as to the day propitious for a start, Mr. Layard set out towards the end of September. Delay at Isfahan had enabled him, already to some extent familiar with Arabic, to make progress with the Persian language. From the specimens given the Bakhtiari dialect seems to us an archaic form of Persian. Mr. Layard adopted the national costume, avoided all acts or sentiments which could excite religious prejudice, only recorded his notes or observations on the sly (just as M. Vambéry did during his visit to Bokhara), took but little money with him, *coram latrone*, listened to long stories from the Shah-Nameh and other poets, and in every way conformed to the proclivities and habits of the wild and uncivilized tribes to whom he had boldly trusted his life. The passes were steep and rugged; the nights cold; and, though much hospitality was afforded by divers petty chiefs on the way, at some resting-places there was nothing to eat, and thieves stole caps, quilts, and shoes during the night. Even the pipe of the leader, Shafia Khan, was not spared. At last the castle of Roderick Dhu was reached; for the author's graphic description irresistibly reminds us of Scott's Lochiels, Macgregors, Rodericks, and McIvors. Taki Khan was all that the ruler of a wild tribe ought to be; of ancient lineage, of tried courage, a splendid rider, a good sportsman, of proved skill in diplomacy and politics, and, what is more surprising, anxious to maintain peace amongst warlike and revengeful tribes, to open out mountain paths by roads, and to encourage trade with the low country. As may be doubted, however, whether some untoward dispute would not have brought Mr. Layard's visit to a premature or unhappy close had it not been for one fortunate occurrence. The chief had a son—a fine, handsome, high-spirited youth—who at that very time was dangerously ill of an intermittent fever. Mullas and physicians had been

called in and had persisted in ordering a bath of melon juice and a drink of wine and water in which a text from the Koran had been washed. Mr. Layard suggested Dover's powders and quinine, and as every Frank was supposed to be a clever Hakim or doctor, the chief luckily preferred the Feringhi treatment. But the author anxiously watched the sufferer all night, as Wayland Smith, in *Kenilworth*, watched by the sick bed of Sussex, threw in quinine at the right moment, and saved the boy's life. From this time the gratitude of the chief and his principal wife, the Khanum Khatun Jan, knew no bounds. The physician and friend was admitted to the *Anderun*, or women's apartments, conversed with the ladies on familiar and respectful terms, and was actually invited to turn Mohammedan and take to wife a sister-in-law named Khanumi, as lively and intelligent as she was lovely in appearance. To prevent misapprehension, we must state that there is nothing in all this episode suggestive of the smallest impropriety or indelicacy. Ellen Douglas herself could not have behaved with greater purity or refinement than the Khanum, and Mr. Layard remained on a similar footing with the families of the other brothers who lived in the same mountain retreat, and who, like all independent mountaineers, were excessively sensitive about what concerned the female sex. The upshot of all this was that Mr. Layard obtained permission to visit ruins and tombs in the hills, and to take copies of inscriptions, though not always without interruption. Local potentates were not as enlightened as the great chief himself. Mr. Layard must, they said, know of hidden treasures and was bound to disclose them. His watch and compass were stolen. The so-called tomb of Daniel the Prophet turned out to be, not a monument of white marble, but a mean building of mud, such as is often raised over the body of some local saint. Still, the tradition is very ancient, and at Susan, or Shushan, were visible the remains of buildings of the Sassanian dynasty. That they should be known amongst the mountain tribes as the Masjid-i-Suleiman, or Mosque of Solomon, is, of course, quite natural. And it is equally in keeping that there should be two burial-places of the prophet, or rather of two prophets, the greater and the lesser Daniel. These excursions were varied by a lion hunt; but the picture of rough manners and generous hospitality was ended by the course adopted by the Shah and his chief adviser, the eunuch Matamet. This personage accused Mohammed Taki of rebellion against the Government, and refusal to pay tribute, and this led to negotiations and to a demand for hostages on the part of the Shah, coupled with an assurance of safe-conduct. Mohammed Taki's anticipations of treachery were well founded. The eunuch's pledges were about as much to be trusted as those of the Nana. Mohammed Taki gave up his son as a hostage, remained for some time in concealment with an Arab chief, and finally surrendered himself to the Persian authorities, by whom he was loaded with chains. It was decided by the brothers of the chief and by the elders of the Arab tribe, who seem to have been ashamed of their acquiescence in this treachery, that a night attack should be made on the Persian camp and the prisoners be rescued. The attack was nearly successful, but the end of the history is very sad. Mohammed Taki Khan lingered for five years and died in captivity. His wives and family were kept as hostages at Teheran, and the beautiful Khanumi lost all her good looks and died, owing to the brutality of a Persian official who insisted on her travelling when she was quite unfit to move. It seems to us clear from the whole of these episodes that British influence at the Court of Teheran was then at its lowest. Our disasters in Afghanistan had produced their due effect on the Oriental mind, and there was no one in Persia to exert that influence on the proper treatment of hostages and women that would certainly have been attempted at Constantinople.

Full of sorrow at the treatment experienced by his hosts, Mr. Layard could do nothing to aid them. He wisely gave up his attempt to reach India by Kandahar, and contented himself with visiting the country of the Hawiza Arabs and exploring the course of the Kerkhab, or Chonaspes, "the drink of none but kings." He had to exchange the cap and dress of the Lurist for the Arab head-dress and cloak, to endure frightful heat, to drink brackish water, and to run very serious risks. He seems to have had narrow escapes sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most dauntless adventurer who ever joined a Kafilah of pilgrims and trusted himself to the forbearance of wandering tribes. Knives were repeatedly drawn; spears were pointed at him; savage looks were soon exchanged for menaces, and menaces for blows; and he constantly suffered from starvation and fever, to which a less vigorous constitution must have succumbed. But there is no doubt that he saw both sides of the Oriental character, and obtained an insight into manners and customs inferior only to that acquired by Sir R. Burton or M. Vambéry. After his experience with the Hawiza Arabs, he managed to return to Khuzistan, and on this occasion secured the services of a faithful companion named Saleh. His Memoir on the province was long ago published by the Royal Geographical Society. This adventure was followed by an ascent of the river Karun on the steamer *Assyria*, commanded by Lieutenant Selby, of the old Indian navy. Here were experienced dangers of another kind. The vessel had to be forced by steam and dragged by a hawser through a very nasty series of cataracts and whirlpools, when the parting of a rope would have been followed by total shipwreck. More than once the steamer was stranded in the slack water, and once it was left high and dry at a distance from the main stream, owing to a sudden fall in the river. The crew had actually almost completed a trench by which the steamer, lightened of stores and machinery, could have been floated into

the main stream, when a lucky fall of rain in the hills caused a rapid rise, and the party returned to Bagdad. Lieutenant Selby, by the way, though energetic and daring, seems to have been very wrong-headed. Several of the mishaps encountered in the exploration were due to his obstinacy, and he got into a quarrel with some nomad Arabs, who, not unreasonably, broke his head, and were plundered by the Pasha in retaliation when our Resident preferred the usual style of complaint.

The concluding chapters deal with matters of almost European interest, and the reader may be glad to look back and learn how Mr. Layard, having ridden with despatches from Bagdad to Mosul, a distance of 250 miles, in some fifty hours, and thence through Asia Minor to the Black Sea, was at first politely snubbed by an attaché at Constantinople; how this discourtesy was compensated by the stately kindness of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; how the author was deputed to Bosnia and Serbia, and there caught a glimpse of the great Bulgarian question, already gilding or darkening the political horizon; how Lord Aberdeen unfortunately took a different view from that taken by our Ambassador as to the popular rising in Serbia; and how he was a second time duped by Russia in the claims put forward by the Shah, not only to the town of Mohamra and the left bank of the Shat-al-Arab, but also to territory on the east bank which obviously belonged to the Sultan; and how Mr. Layard himself was at length rewarded for all his discoveries, diplomatic negotiations, and rapid journeys on horseback, by the valuable appointment of "unpaid attaché" to the Embassy at the Porte. By these varied adventures he was enabled to lay in a large stock of political capital. From his general estimate of the characters of the various races with whom he was brought in contact we see no reason to dissent. That the Persians are first-rate story-tellers in every sense of the word; that the punishments inflicted by Pashas and Governors were barbarous and cruel; that it is good policy in such countries to travel either with an adequate escort or with nothing of value about you to tempt Bedouins and Ilyats to robbery and murder; and that a Greek Bishop may be more grasping than a Turkish official, is very likely true; and equally certain is it that the late Lord Somers was, whether in a Turkish Serai, a convent at Mount Athos, or an English country-house, one of the most charming of companions. Sir H. Layard, like many other public men, may have now and then uttered sentiments, notably when after the Mutiny he moralized over the well at Cawnpore, which his better judgment would now condemn. But he has discharged a difficult duty at an eventful time, with honour to himself and his country. He has now produced two delightful volumes, and we cannot do better than quote some spirited lines of a forgotten squib published, more than thirty years back, in the columns of *Punch*, when, as that periodical expressed it, the House of Commons indulged in the pastime of "baiting with war-dogs the Nineveh Bull":—

So his Nineveh namesake, John Bull, for his aim's sake,  
Excuses, if wrong in one instance he go;  
For he knows tho' Pam's thunder be hurled at the blunder,  
What it would crush is the truth hid below.

#### NOVELS.\*

*THE Island* is a rather clever and decidedly silly satire upon the civilized world. It takes the form of a story of an English gentleman—he happens to be a peer; but the circumstance is not material—who suddenly feels tired of life in London, and determines to travel for a change. He goes mooning round the world until he reaches Pitcairn Island, on which he is accidentally left stranded. He is found and introduced to the settlement by a lady named Victoria, the daughter of the Governor, who is the only magistrate or official personage in the community. The peer, who tells his story in the first person, does not reveal his name or his title. He and Victoria make love with considerable vigour and in a sufficiently commonplace fashion for some months. At the end of that time he learns from a "society newspaper" casually imported in an American ship that his mother has been made ill by his disappearance; so off he goes to relieve her anxiety. As he sails away he sees Victoria waving him adieu from a high rock, which makes him quite happy. Incidentally he gives humorous accounts of the manners and customs of Pitcairn, and reports of sermons preached by himself and Victoria to each other in the process of their flirtation. The latter are the substance of Mr. Whiteing's message to the world. The islanders are supposed to nourish immense reverence, founded on total ignorance, for civilized countries generally, and England in particular. The nameless peer endeavours in his discourses to open Victoria's eyes a little as to the existence of selfishness, industry, competition, capital and labour, wealth and poverty, and various sorts of more or less consequent vice and misery, none of which have any existence on the happy island. She explains to him, and sometimes he to her, that it could all be put right if people would only not think so much about themselves (which, of course, nobody at Pitcairn ever does).

\* *The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality.* By Richard Whiteing. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

*Sire and Son: a Startling Contrast.* By the Rev. Amos White. New and revised edition. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

*Veré Thornleigh's Inheritance.* A Novel. By A. M. Hopkinson, Author of "Waiting," "Pardoned," &c. London: London Literary Society.

*Izora: a Mystery.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.



"Don't you think," says Victoria, "it is just as disgusting to make as much as you honestly can as to eat as much as you honestly can? . . . All the harm in the world that I ever saw [the young lady has never seen any, so she saves herself by adding] or heard of came from greediness, gobbling. Give up, give up, give up. Oh, only that makes men different from pasturing brutes! . . . That is why man is not the same as the pasturing brutes; because he can give up, because he can think of all, and himself as only one of them. He is real man when he is doing that, and real brute when he is doing the other thing." Mr. Whiteing ought to be persuaded of the futility of this creed by the fact that, in order to imagine its bald utterance by a human being, he has to invent an enthusiastically love-sick girl in an impossible community of two-legged rabbits. If he wants an antidote, let him find some one who was a guest at a certain dinner given not very long ago at Calcutta, and ask him to repeat the famous anecdote then related by an eminent English statesman concerning the cross-examination by a burglar of the policeman who had arrested him. There is a certain freshness about some of the satirical comments on English life put into the mouths of the reverent Pitcairners. This, for instance, concerning Parliament:—"Over a thousand people to make the laws; and at it day and night, too! The moment anything goes wrong anywhere, there they are, waiting on the premises, as you may say, to put it right. We've nothing like that here. Not that we want it, either; I only make the remark."

Lizzie Maxwell was the daughter of totally abstaining parents. In her inexperience she loved James Douglas, who "was fond of alcoholic drinks." Mr. Maxwell very properly refused to hear of such a miscreant as his son-in-law, so the young people ran away and were married. Douglas was a doctor, and if anybody lists to hear what becomes of doctors who think they can drink in moderation let him attend to the horrid sequel. At first James Douglas did not get drunk, but nevertheless he drank wine, "he scarcely ever refused it when offered in the houses which he visited," and that although an amiable (but garrulous) patient reminded him of the notorious fact that "a glass of sherry compels the heart to pump over an additional quantity of blood in the twenty-four hours of half a ton weight." The natural result was that one afternoon he came home drunk, entered the drawing-room where his wife and mother-in-law were bemoaning his licentious habits, picked up the baby, quite "in the way of friendship," and dropped it on the fender. It immediately died, and its mother, after fainting for a reasonable time, "took up the dead body," observing "Oh my precious, precious babe! My darling child! Wilt thou never smile and never prattle again? Oh, cruel, cruel man!" The grandmother, Mrs. Maxwell, was more coherent. She said, "Who could have thought that James would conduct himself so badly?" Next came a bill of sale, and the ill-conducted James fled across the Channel. Midway over "he was allured aloft by the smooth sea." While gazing at "the wimpling waves," apparently from the luxurious seclusion of the main truck, he was accosted by a fiend in the person of one of his ex-patients, who said "Follow me, sir, to the lower regions, and you shall be comforted with a drop of the finest old port that ever passed your lips." On reaching the French shore they continued their debauch until their very inn-keeper appears to have been sympathetically affected, for he said "Vous êtes trop turbulent; il est tard; va à votre chambre à coucher." The end of it was that the ex-patient died of delirium tremens and the doctor beat a Frenchman at billiards, whereupon the latter said "Vous êtes un fou." The doctor hit him, they fought, and the doctor was shot dead. This was the result of so-called moderate drinking. When James Douglas was dead, Mrs. Maxwell had to break the news to her daughter and grandson. The latter was Walter Douglas, elder brother to the child who was killed on the fender. Very artfully, for many pages, did Mrs. Maxwell tell her daughter that she was a widow, and the latter shortly after observed to Walter "but for you, Walter, I could wish for death itself." "Don't say that," said Mrs. Maxwell, observing its effect upon the child. "Perhaps I ought to tell you, Walter, that your papa has suffered a serious accident, and is dead. You must try, my boy, to take all the more care now of your dear mother." This last sentence was well put. Mrs. Maxwell, as we have seen, put everything well. James's career not being considered satisfactory, Walter was made to sign the pledge. Then he went to school; and this is the sort of boy he turned out. Mrs. Douglas was afraid that, "in becoming a lawyer, you may have to live so much in hotels, and to associate with those who live a fast life." "Remember, mamma, that I have signed the pledge. You know how careful I am to keep good company, and how I refused to associate with Tom Jones (*aberrant omen*) and William Bruce, because one is not honest, and the other swears. I cannot bear bad companions. To tell you a secret, mamma, I have had serious thoughts of becoming a thorough Christian." The short of it was that Walter became an articled clerk, and, while yet young, was called to the Bar, and went the Northern Circuit, where he instantly mopped up all the briefs, simply by force of character, for he was wildly ignorant of law, and played forensic antics, some of which only cruel want of space prevents us from reciting. So "in some years . . . he was one day delighted to find himself chosen a Queen's Counsel . . . Something of the sort had at times passed in hazy outline before his mind, but he had scarcely presumed to look at it." No doubt it was only in hazy outline that he had sent in his application for silk to the Chancellor.

When moderate drinkers are made Queen's Counsel they mostly run some risk of a serious diminution of income. But the happy teetotaler immediately bought his mother a new and sumptuous house. Then he got into Parliament as an advocate of local option. Then it occurred to Providence that the model man must have a model wife. So one of his clients turned out to be a very rich lady. Wicked uncles sought to spoil her substance—she was an orphan—but Walter by his legal skill routed them, and, the fortune being safe, married the lady. She was not a common lady, such as a moderate drinker might marry. Besides being rich she was young, and also wonderfully beautiful. Moreover, she was remarkably accomplished. "The keys of the piano, from the lowest to the highest octave [think of that!] yielded as if by magic to her exquisite touch. Her voice, of more than average compass, did ample justice to the finest musical compositions. But even these mental attainments and talents must yield the palm of excellence to her moral qualities. Scrupulously chaste, wonderfully discreet both in action and utterance . . ." Is it necessary to add that no alcoholic liquors ever entered her stately mansion? They were married, and we leave Walter inducing a considerable brood of young children of both sexes to sign the pledge by telling them with a brutal simplicity of language very different from his wife's wonderful discretion of utterance, how their grandfather and his father was a drunkard, committed manslaughter, and got killed in a pothouse row.

One expects something very literary from the London Literary Society, but *Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance* has nothing in any way remarkable about it. It is a novel in general characteristics extremely like innumerable others, and differing from them chiefly in being a little above the average. There are two rather nice girls in it. One is called Mabel and the other Vere. The latter was brought up as a rustic maiden by a savage and mysterious aunt, and inherited piles of unsuspected gold accumulated in a cellar. Complications ensued about her marriage, and came all right in the end. The most original thing in the book is that the amiable gentleman who commits larceny to supply the place of a villain is never caught, but repents in time, and puts back the stolen documents where they might, and in fact are supposed to, have been lost. But for the larceny there would have been no complications and no story. The wooing of Mabel by a slightly cynical barrister of a sort fashionable in novels—a dotard of thirty-two—is rather well done; and the second couple, as is often the case, demand the reader's sympathy more effectively than the first. As novels go, the book is quite worth reading.

*Ixora: a Mystery* should be perused either in some period of buoyant health, when the wits are spoiling for exercise, or at a season of feverish illness, when thought is a succession of nightmares. In the former case the intellect will be provided with hard work; in the latter an opportunity will be afforded for practically testing the doctrine *Similia similibus curantur*. It is difficult to try both plans, and we do not profess to have done it; but we are rather disposed to consider the latter the more hopeful method. The author somehow got mixed up with a collection of mad Jews. Some of them lived in Bristol slums on the ruins of castles. Some of them kept rag-shops in Trinidad. Some haunted desert islands in the Southern hemisphere, but of uncertain longitude. They could to a considerable extent appear and vanish at will, and it was their habit to commit to the author's keeping unintelligible (but very long) fragments of incoherent English verse or mutilated Spanish records, which he either copied in shorthand or laboriously deciphered at his leisure according to circumstances. From time to time they (the Jews, or some of them) died; but that made no difference to their erratic conduct, and may be left out of account. What their number was it is impossible to say. It is not certain that there was more than one; but there are strong reasons for supposing that there were at least two, there were probably as many as three, and it would be rash to say positively that there were not half a dozen. The substance of their story appears to have been that in 1680 a Spanish Jewess called Ixora was burnt for being a Jewess. She asked the Queen of Spain to let her off, and was refused. So she was burnt, and became a ghost, and went here and there for many years, not to say centuries, and haunted the Jews (or Jew) and made them (or him) exceedingly mad. They could not make out—nor can we—whether she ever became a Christian, and if so when, and whether that had anything and what to do with her uncomfortable restlessness. Also there was a "Voice" which unintelligibly tempted at least one of the Jews to do something or other, and there is an insoluble mystery about what it was and whether he did it. The verses composed by the afflicted Hebrews were sometimes after *The Ancient Mariner*, like this:—

From that high place old Ocean's face  
Showed wondrous weird and bare,  
Now grey and cold, now green and gold,  
Now white in foamy glare;  
Now red as blood when day was old  
And the red sun was there,

and sometimes after *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, like this:—

They whisper of the rack, the scourge,  
The stake, and other things.

At last came a happy day when one of the Jews indubitably died, and the author came to the conclusion that he would never be able to find out anything more about the matter, and that if he had not solved the mystery of Ixora no one else would. And we do not think any one will.

## LITERATURE OF BELGIUM AND THE NETHERLANDS.

AMONG historical works published in 1885-1887, and treating more especially of Belgian history, we must mention the publications of the Société des Bibliophiles Flamands of Ghent, such as Mr. Napoleon de Pauw's book, *Voorgeboden (Ordonnancien)* of Ghent, from 1337 to 1385 (1). Mr. V. Hermans, Keeper of the Archives at Malines, has published several interesting works, the results of his researches among historical documents. During the last few years the local Historical Societies of Liège, Luxembourg, Mons, and other towns have published a large number of *Cartulaires* of churches and convents in their several districts.

A work which we strongly recommend to our readers is the *Bibliotheca Belgica* (2), of which the seventy-eighth part has already appeared. This work is extremely valuable on account of new and interesting information which it gives on old and unknown works. It is edited by three gentlemen connected with the Public Library at Ghent—Mr. Van der Haeghen, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Vanden Berghe.

Those who wish to study the history of Belgian towns cannot do better than to peruse Mr. Genard's book on Antwerp (3), which forms a pendant to Mr. Wanters' History of Brussels, to which we have referred in a previous article, and Mr. Gobert's history of the streets of Liège (4).

In the domain of light Dutch literature we find most of the foremost places taken by women. First comes Miss Betsy Perk, who has given us another romance of Russian life under the Empress Elizabeth (5). The plot is well conceived, but the book cannot be held up as a model either of style or of morality. Another novel by the same author, the plot of which is laid in the fifteenth century, deserves honourable mention (6).

Miss Catherine Alberdingk Thym comes to the fore with a very interesting novel, the plot of which turns on the escape from Siberia of a girl whose mother is a political prisoner (7). The only fault which we have to find with this charmingly written book is that some of the incidents depicted seem rather improbable, but nowadays this may be reckoned a merit by many critics. The novels of Baroness Stratenus (8), Miss van Harum (9), and Miss Andriessen (10), please alike by their charming style and their good tone.

To those who prefer a novel that can be read a second, and even a third time with pleasure we unhesitatingly recommend Mrs. Zwaardemaker-Vischer's latest book (11), which describes the misfortunes of a poor but proud family of noble lineage. The evils and dangers of modern Socialism are depicted with a life-like realism that does the author credit.

Miss Louise Sloot—better known by her pseudonym "Melati van Java"—gives us a capital collection of short stories (12), as well as an extremely original novel (13). Miss Virginie Loveling's *Sophie* (14) strikes the reader throughout as a book written "with a purpose"—namely, to show the evil effects of priestly influence. The characters are, however, well drawn, and the book is, on the whole, well written.

Mr. Keller, one of the foremost Dutch authors of the æsthetic school, has published a novel (15), the chief merit of which lies in the skill with which he portrays the characters—true Dutchmen, patient and persevering almost to obstinacy.

Several authors have of late years tried to interest their readers in Dutch colonial affairs. Thus Mr. Nieuwland has given us a novel (16) the plot of which is laid in the Transvaal, a country with which the author seems well acquainted. The "Romance of Opium" (17), by Mr. T. H. Perelaer, formerly commander-in-chief of the Dutch army in the Indies, created no small stir in official circles, by reason of the vigorous attacks made therein on the Government officials in the East, who, while loaded with favours, allow the most flagrant abuses—especially the opium traffic—to flourish unchecked in the islands under their charge. Like most of its kind, the book is not altogether free from exaggeration; but it is well written, and contains much that is interesting. It may, in fact, be considered as a sequel to Mr. Douwes Dekker's celebrated *Max Havelaar*.

Mr. Alcock's historical romance, entitled *Arthur Erskine* (18), deals with the troublous times of John Knox, and shows that the author has carefully studied the history of that period.

In "Studies from the Nude" (19) Mr. Frans Netscher, while trying to imitate Zola, has succeeded in copying that author's vulgarity without possessing any of his ability.

We take it for granted that our readers are familiar with the present state of literature in the Flemish as distinct from the Walloon provinces of Belgium. The reaction in favour of Flemish is slowly but surely gaining ground in the former, although the great majority of the upper classes still regard French as their proper language, and consider Flemish fit only for servants and the lower classes generally. This deplorable state of affairs is in great measure due to the system of education prevalent in Belgium, all instruction being given in French, while the use of Flemish is strictly forbidden in many schools as being utterly unfit for good society. The inevitable consequence is that authors who wish to obtain a wide circulation for their books are obliged to write in French. Thus we find that Mr. Stecher, Professor of the University of Liège, has written his History of Flemish Literature in French. The book is worthy of a close perusal, the part treating of the drama in the middle ages being especially good. But happily there is a class of authors who, in spite of obstacles, fight manfully for their mother-tongue. Foremost among these is Mr. Julius Vuylsteke, who has recently published an excellent collection of Flemish poems. Under the title of *Butterflies* (20) Mr. de Mont gives us a collection of verses charming alike by the gracefulness and harmony of their rhythm and the ease and smoothness of the language. Some of them are not unworthy of comparison with the works of such poets as Rückert, Platen, and even Heine.

It will perhaps not be considered out of place here to make this distinction between Flemish and French novels of the present day; in spite of their realistic tendencies, the great majority of Flemish novels evince a respect for good morals which is altogether wanting in the pernicious French novels so widely read in the higher circles of Belgian society.

Mr. A. M. Verstraeten has brought out a largely annotated edition of two of the finest tragedies of the poet Vondel (1587-1679) (21), whose style has much in common with that of Milton.

Thanks to the speaking of Flemish having so long been left to the lower classes, the dialects of the various districts have remained altogether distinct, and several distinguished linguists are devoting their time to collecting local words and proverbs. The result is that of late years we have had to welcome several very useful Glossaries and Idiotica of the various dialects from the pens of Stallaert (22), De Bo (23), and others.

Returning to Holland, we find very little to notice in the way of recent literary works. In the line of scientific literature several original works have appeared; but for purely literary productions the Hollanders appear to be almost content with French translations of English and German works. Of the novels which have just appeared very few show any merit. We can only just mention Mr. Kaufmann's *Adelheid* (24) and Mr. de Bruin's *At Last* (25). There are a few historic studies worthy of notice—e.g. the *Siege of Amsterdam by the Prussians in 1787* (26), by Mr. Vervat, the *Siege of Ostend*, by Mr. Sypenstein (27), and the first volume of a work by Captain de Bas on the late Prince Frederick (28), a very attractive and interesting contribution to contemporary history.

We must also name the works of Moorrees and Geesink. The former does homage to the Liberalism of the seventeenth century by a study on Coornhert (29), one of the greatest poets of that period; while Mr. Geesink, in his study on Calvinism at Rotterdam in the early part of the seventeenth century (30), writes for those who profess themselves "orthodox" followers of the old Orange party and believers in the principles of the Synod of Dordrecht (1618).

A great deal of interesting information is to be found in Mr. Bredius's book (31)—in German—on the Amsterdam Museum, and that of Mr. Kruseman on the history of publishing in Holland (32). Mr. Opzoomer, son of the celebrated philosopher of Utrecht, has published a new edition of the documents found in

(1) *De Voorgeboden der stad Gent in de XIV<sup>e</sup> eeuw*. Gent: C. Annoot-Braeckman.

(2) *Bibliotheca Belgica: Bibliographie des Pays-Bas*. Gand: Van der Haeghen.

(3) *Anvers à travers les âges*. 13<sup>e</sup> livr. Anvers: Emil Bruylant.

(4) *Histoire des rues de Liège, ancienne et moderne*. Liège: Demarteau.

(5) *Ylme, princess Daskhoff-Woronoff*. 's Gravenhage (The Hague): Mouton & Co.

(6) *De laatste der Bourgondiërs in Gent en Brugge*. Haarlem: G. Vonk.

(7) *Galathea*. Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(8) *De Woestenborg*. Haarlem: G. C. Vonk. *Zielenadel en Verspeeld*. Arnhem: Drukkers maatschappij.

(9) *Emma Schönstedt*. Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(10) *Vera, een verhaal voor jonge dames*. Amsterdam: Tj. van Holkema.

(11) *De Ruïne van Oldenborgh*. 2 vols. Schoonhoven, S. en W. N. van Nooten.

(12) *Miss Campbell en andere verhalen*. Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(13) *Hermelijn*. Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(14) *Sophie*. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen.

(15) *Nemesis*. Haarlem: Elsevier.

(16) *Verkeerd begrepen*. 2 vols. Alkmaar: P. Kluitman.

(17) *Baboe Dalima*. 2 vols. Rotterdam: Elsevier.

(18) *Arthur Erskine*. Amsterdam: Høveker & Zoon.

(19) *Studiën naar het naakt model*. 'S Gravenhage: Mouton & Co.

(20) *Fladderende Vlinders*. Rotterdam: Elsevier.

(21) 1. *Lucifer taal- en letterkundig verklaard*. 2. *Studiën over Vondel en zijn Jozef in Dothan*. Gent: S. Leljaert, A. Siffer & Co.

(22) *Glossarium van verouderde rechtstermen uit vlaamsche, brabantse en limburgsche oorkonden*. Leiden: E. J. Brill.

(23) *Westvlaamsch Idioticon*. Andere uitgave. Kortrijk: Eugène Beyaert.

(24) *Adelheid*. 's Gravenhage: W. Cremer.

(25) *Eindelijk*. 's Gravenhage: W. Cremer.

(26) *Het beleg van Amsterdam door de Pruisen, in 1787*. Amsterdam: J. H. en G. van Heteren.

(27) *Het beleg van Ostende*. 's Gravenhage: W. P. van Stockum en Zn.

(28) *Prins Frederik der Nederlanden*. Schiedam: Roelants.

(29) *Dirck Volckertsz. Coornhert*. Schoonhoven: Van Nooten.

(30) *Het Calvinisme te Rotterdam*. Rotterdam: J. H. Dunk.

(31) *Meisterwerke des Rijksmuseums*. Photographuren, mit Text von A. Bredius. München: Franz Hanfstaengl. Amsterdam: M. Olivier.

(32) *Nieuwstoffen voor eene geschiedenis van den nederlandschen boekhandel van 1830-1850*. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen en Zoon. 2 vols.



the archives of the Convent of Diepenveen, founded by the "Brothers of Common Life" (33).

Mr. de Winkel's *History of Dutch Literature* (34), the first volume of which has been published, is a reliable and interesting work.

We now come to M. Kurth's (Professor of the University of Liège) excellent and important work on the history of civilization (35). The author traces the germs of civilization in the development of Christian doctrine and Christian feeling since the time of the Apostles. He starts from the principle that the establishment of the Roman Empire was destined only to serve as a basis for Christian civilization; and, after giving a cursory review of the history of the various nations who opposed the onward march of the Romans, declares them to have been incapable of founding Christian society. Professor Kurth invests Constantine and Charlemagne with a grandeur and sublimity of character which savours somewhat of exaggeration; ambition is never given as the motive of their actions, all of which seem to have had for aim the spreading of the Gospel. On the other side he is too much influenced by the humourist's judgment of history during the last three and a half centuries to do justice to the character, customs, and civilization of the Thiois races; first the Goths. We have only learnt to know the history of the Ostrogoths and their King Theodoric from the adversaries of the national rising of the people and tribes which put an end to the Roman domination. That is the reason why we do not sufficiently estimate their morality, order, force, and courage. We let ourselves forget all that the priest Salvein of Marseilles has said in favour of the honour of the Aryan races, while comparing their perfect integrity to the degradation of the Romans. Theodoric's secretary has alone given us the opportunity of knowing the Teutonic or Thioise civilization of the sixth century; but Cassiodore is very little known, and remains alone in the field with his *Correspondence*, which was not intended for publication. It is, therefore, pardonable that the historians of to-day should still always show, in their classical estimations, the effects of the influence of the anti-national revolution, which overturned historical studies, with all the traditions of the *Beaux Arts* (except in England), of the centuries anterior to the sixteenth. This point would not have prevented M. Kurth from avowing his Catholic principles; his book is good, for in it truth is sought—and this truth is rendered in an elegant and unaffected style. Notwithstanding, therefore, some slight failings the work merits serious perusal.

We must name the numerous smaller collections of the works of the best Belgian poets. Geniuses are however rare, and gifted writers have almost invariably given us their lyric strains in a few simple verses. We would, however, draw the attention of our readers to the works of M. A. E. Hiel, Mlle. H. Swarth, S. Daems, Van Droogenbroeck, Claeys, and others, who are writers of merit and taste. Many of their works have been translated by the Germans. MM. Edmond de Geest, G. Segers, Cyril Buysse, &c., have published various novels in the popular style, bordering, it is true, on the realistic, but always within the bounds of morality. This moral tendency is not wanting either to our Flemish plays. Flemish dramatic authors possess, as a rule, much dramatic sentiment, but are frequently wanting in finesse in the conception and development of the passions. They appear, as it were, somewhat unformed, and are consequently led to portray extravagantly improbable situations, like the old playwrights, thus giving a strong moral savour to their writings rather than any artistic value. Amongst such men of talent we name MM. P. Kints, J. Hoste, H. Peters, Gittens, Aug. Hendrixi, H. Badden, &c., who severally publish annually a drama or comedy. Some take the historical drama, but rarely succeed in portraying the grand personages of history in a manner devoid of exaggeration; it is always party spirit, dominant in Belgium since 1830, which shows itself even in works of this kind. The war cry of the Germans in the twelfth century, "Hi Welf! hi Waibling!" resounds continually in Belgium: "Hi Liberaal! hi Klerikaal!" *tertium non datur*, influencing universally the fine arts.

The study of history, nevertheless, is daily gaining ground. We have already cited more than once the works of our best writers. M. Charles Piot, general archivist of the kingdom, has just published a large new book of the *Correspondance de Granvelle* (36) (Vol. VI.). It includes the years 1576 and 1577. The letters number ninety-four. They throw a vivid light upon the events which took place in these provinces at that date. They confirm the opinion the editor had already given of the character of Philip II. and of that of his lieutenant, the Duke of Alba. We have already rendered full justice to this opinion in a preceding article. The perusal of the present volume makes more evident to us the reasons for Requesens's discouragement at having on one hand his vacillating master, and on the other the urgent political measures demanding execution. We see the Council of State powerless to enforce obedience, and doing nothing well; the Duke d'Aerschot passing his time in amusements; Berlaymont sleeping at the table; even the Count of Mansfeld lightly esteemed, because

"il veult mettre son nas partout"; Viglius anxious to maintain his precedence; D'Assonville, who is distrusted on account of his frivolity; Roda looked upon as "une mauvaïse et dangereuse pièce." Such are the portraits of the Councillors of State drawn by Morillon.

Then we see constantly pecuniary difficulties, want of money to pay the troops fittingly, and in consequence riot, assassination, and pillage are the order of the day. The priests and nobles feared the Spaniards, and distrusted the arrival of Don Juan. Then occurred the so-called "Peace of Ghent," a peace made with many mutual reserves. Granvelle persuaded the King to endeavour to regain his subjects' affections, but having small confidence in Don Juan's talents, he advised that the Duchess of Parma should again be sent as Regent to the Netherlands. Instead of which, however, Don Juan was despatched to negotiate the peace. The Prince of Orange regretted having signed the peace, for he had not believed Don Juan would have kept his promise of sending back the Spanish troops. He sought to turn public opinion against the new governor, negotiations became impossible, violence again prevailed, the arrival of Mathias of Austria and the Duke of Anjou furnished a pretext for undermining Don Juan's authority, until eventually he was declared an enemy to the country. Amongst the most remarkable events related in this volume of the *Correspondance* we note the offer of the sovereignty of a part of the Netherlands to Elizabeth, Queen of England, and later the appeal for help addressed to France. Such is a brief sketch of this fine volume. The author has added a chronological index of the letters and also one of the contents and personages; we hope these will be augmented by the addition of a general index of contents and personages with the circumstances and dates in which the latter appeared. This appendix will give the author a fresh claim to our thanks.

We must glance at a new volume by Canon Naméche (Vol. XX. of the "National History" Series), just published (37). We have more than once spoken of the characteristics of this finished and well-written work. With respect to the author's appreciation of the facts narrated, he displays too much toleration for his party, and, while in no way unduly biasing the points at issue, is willing to yield credence to the words of other writers of the same opinions as himself. The volume bears as second title "Fifth Part—Spanish Period," and embraces from the year 1583 to the death of Philip II. in 1598. From this death follows a sketch of the character of the King of Spain. The author employs the words of M. de Gerlache, "the great national historian," who compares Philip to Charlemagne as defender of the Church and Popes. M. de Gerlache, author of a History of the Netherlands in several volumes, has written especially by way of retaliation on the prejudiced judgments of some ardent defenders of the Revolution in the sixteenth century. But M. de Gerlache (who died in 1871) had not at command the discoveries made since the publication of his work in 1843. He would be very surprised to read in the Granvelle Correspondence and that of the Popes Pius V., Sixte V., &c., with what intense personal ambition, which almost caused a rupture with the Pontifical throne, the King, inflexible on certain points and vacillating on others, rendered services to the Church. He employed Catholic principles in the advancement of his own ends and in the gratification of his domineering spirit. M. de Gerlache would be still more surprised to hear that Granvelle had advised the King with respect to the assassination of William of Orange, who, in spite of his patriotism in favour of his country, could not successfully ameliorate the position of affairs, which were rendered yet more complicated by the error of the King himself in treating the chief of the Revolutionists with such exceptional rigour. The Granvelle Correspondence will show us this more fully in succeeding volumes.

The monographies of towns serve to throw a strong light on the local events of the Revolution in the sixteenth century. They confirm in certain respects Granvelle's Correspondence and characterize the personages with whom he treated. This is why we mention with pleasure some works of this kind published before the appearance of M. Piot's last volume. We note particularly a carefully-written work on the maritime town of Dixmude, in West Flanders—author, M. R. Pieters (38)—and the monography of the parish of Ixelles, Bruxelles (39).

Of no less importance is the monography of the little town of Fontaine l'Évêque (40), on account of the abundant details given and the extreme care taken in the researches made.

We can add to these studies those made regularly in the archives of monasteries at Cysoing (41), Géronsart (42), and elsewhere, which contribute much to a just appreciation of the civilization of the middle ages. Then a small work upon the monuments of Bruges (43); but all these are surpassed by that of M. Génard, already alluded to by us, of which new editions have just been published—*Anvers à travers les âges*.

With respect to the monuments of Bruges, the work of the

(37) *Histoire nationale*. Louvain: C. Fonteyn.

(38) *Geschiedenis van Dixmude, naar de beste oorkonden*. Dixmude: E. Desmyter.

(39) *Ixelles*. Bruxelles: Huysmans.

(40) *De Manet, Recherches historiques sur la ville et la seigneurie de Fontaine l'Évêque*. Mons: Dequesne, Mosquiller.

(41) *De Coussemaker, Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Cysoing*. Lille: Desclée de Brouwer et Cie.

(42) *Vict. Barbier, Histoire du monastère de Géronsart*. Namur: F. J. Coux, fils.

(43) *Navez, Bruges, monumental et pittoresque*. Bruxelles: Lebegue.

(33) W. R. E. H. Opzoomer, *Het Klooster Diepenveen*. 's Gravenhage: Gebroeders Belinfante. 2 vols.

(34) *Geschiedenis der nederlandse letteren*. Haarlem: Erven F. Bohn.

(35) *Les origines de la civilisation moderne*. 2 vols. Louvain: Charles Peeters. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

(36) *Collection de chroniques belges inédites*. Publiée par ordre du gouvernement. Bruxelles: Hayez.

English archaeologist Mr. James Weale, *Bruges et ses environs* (44), has not been surpassed.

The city of Antwerp has been also described by the pens of the two custodians of the Plantin Museum, in which are to be seen the ancient souvenirs, library, work-rooms, offices, furniture, pictures, stereotype-plates, type, &c., of the old and celebrated printing press of that name.

M. Max Rooses, the chief custodian, has published the *Printer's Correspondence* (45), which enables us to cast a glance on the religious and political intrigues of the factions of the sixteenth century. M. Rosseels, the under-custodian, publishes illustrations of the work-rooms and house itself (46). Yet a word remains to be said respecting various publications containing the history of the fine arts both in Holland and in Belgium. We perused with pleasure the study of the Mons in Hainault (47), by the archivist M. Th. Léopold de Villers. M. A. Schaepekens has published splendid illustrations of Liège (48). We may also name the work of M. Dewaele upon Ancient Architecture (49), and that of MM. Arendzen and Van Someren, who treat of Modern Art (50) in a superbly illustrated volume.

We must also name a solid work on Greek epigraphy published by Ch. Leemans of Leide (51). Lastly, Canon Reusens has issued a second illustrated edition of the "Elements of Christian Archaeology" (52); and M. Guiffrey in France has given an illustrated edition of his remarkable work on tapestry (53), which contains the history of the workrooms of Ghent, Alost, and Bruxelles, with good index, &c. As to bibliography, the merit of the work of M. van der Haeghen, librarian of the University of Ghent, and his collaborators in publishing the *Lipsienne* bibliography (54) must be recognized. These volumes form part of the collection "Bibliotheca Belgica" which we have already named to our readers. The series of the works of Juste Lipsie will be completed in three volumes. We take this occasion of recommending the "Dictionary of Belgian Authors since 1830" (55). As a useful aid in indicating the progress of literary affairs down to the year 1880, some numbers of this will continue to be issued.

#### NEWBURY.\*

NEWBURY is a little place. Mr. Money's volume is very big. Such are the first ideas suggested by the disproportion evident between book and borough, a disproportion which becomes less glaring when we find out how much Mr. Money has done to connect the history of Newbury with that of the whole country, and particularly to elucidate fully the circumstances connected with the battles which are the chief title of the town to fame. But Mr. Money begins at the very beginning, and devotes his first chapter to "The Roman and English settlement on the river Kennet." There is every reason to believe that the Roman station on the Ermin Street, mentioned as *Spine* in the Antonine Itinerary, may be identified with Speen, which is close to Newbury. A rare example of the survival of a Latin name is afforded by the mention of "Spene," in a charter of 821, printed in the *Codex Diplomaticus*. In a note on page 7, Mr. Money says that it is given as "Spine" in a charter of the tenth century; but we have failed to verify this statement by any of the documents he quotes or cites. There are various forms of the name, which is given as *Spone* in Domesday. The Saxons, as usual, abandoned the Roman site. "They neither took possession of the towns, nor did they give themselves the trouble to destroy them." Newbury was built, not for defensive, but commercial purposes, its situation being close to the Kennet. Contrary to the usage in other places, "the New-Bourg," as Mr. Money calls it, stood in more than one manor, and is thus, it may be, omitted from the Domesday Survey; though Mr. Money, in a very careful, but much too protracted, discussion of the evidence, identifies a great part of the modern town with the manor of "Ulvritone," held in 1086 by Ernulf of Hesding. There were fifty-one houses in Ulvritone, too large a number for an ordinary country manor, so that without going further into Mr.

Money's arguments we may accept his conclusion, the more so as we find Ernulf giving the church of Newbury to the Norman Abbey of St. Peter of Preaux; and in a document preserved in the archives of the department of the Eure, in France, of a date probably about a year before the Domesday Survey, Mr. Money has found "Newberi" mentioned by name as having belonged to Ernulf.

Many readers will turn from these archaic passages to the later history of Newbury. Mr. Money keeps the territorial and manorial part of his narrative quite apart from what he puts under the heading of "Incidents connected with Newbury." After having belonged, among others, to Cecily, Duchess of York, the mother of Edward IV., to Queen Jane, the mother of Edward VI., to Queen Elizabeth, and to Anne, the Queen of James I., Newbury obtained a charter at last from Charles II. and became a municipal town. Meanwhile, the town had brought Newbury into prominence. The first, the indecisive but bloody struggle between King Charles and the Earl of Essex, is the most famous, because Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was among the slain. It was fought on September 20, 1643. In the second battle, on Sunday, October 27, 1644, the Earl of Manchester commanded the Parliamentary forces, having the advantage of Cromwell's assistance. Charles retreated during the night; but it would seem that each party thought itself beaten; and the charges Cromwell subsequently brought against Manchester show how bitterly he regretted the mistake on his side. Another, but much smaller, battle was fought in Newbury in 1706 between a mob and some recruiting officers. A sergeant was killed, and a great many people were wounded. At that time, and long afterwards, the position of Newbury on the high road from London and Reading to almost everywhere west and south gave it an importance which it has long survived. William III., Queen Anne, the Culloden Duke of Cumberland, and many other historical characters passed through the town, or resided in its neighbourhood, or paid it a visit in state. But Mr. Money's prolix notes embrace every kind of subject; we read of the systematic public flogging of women; of "cock-throwing" on Shrove Tuesday; of the establishment of a ducking-stool; of the conviction of a coiner; of the starting of a Flying Coach, which, in 1752, performed the journey to London in twelve hours. "The change effected in Newbury by the introduction of railroads was remarkable, and it has not yet recovered the loss of so important an interest," says Mr. Money. But there is a railway to it now; and, though the old cloth factories have disappeared, the town has a large trade in malt and corn, and wool is also a local staple. A monument to Lord Falkland and those slain with him in the first battle of Newbury was unveiled by Lord Carnarvon in 1878. More than a hundred pages towards the end of the book describe the church of St. Nicholas and the church records; and this inexhaustible and portly volume concludes at p. 595, at the end of an excellent index. We cannot help thinking that, by taking a little more time over his task, Mr. Money could have put all that is worth having of his book into about three hundred pages.

#### CHEAP MUSIC.\*

LAST year was a year of retrospects, among which the glorification of a free press and cheap literature was inevitable. Seasonable enough in the circumstances, this was only the resumption of old and oft-heard paeans, a praise of progress quite as likely to satiate the ear as to stimulate reverence for our wondrous mother-age. Cheap music, however, may be said to have long awaited the historian. Every one knows that we have cheap music, and every one knows that at a not far distant period we had it not. But how we have come to possess it until, as every town and village in the kingdom proclaims, it possesses us, in a sense that holds good of no other civilizing force in the community, is by no means so evident. It is probable there are not many musical people outside the profession, to say nothing of those who should be directly interested, who could give an explicit account of the growth of cheap music since 1837. There was excellent reason, therefore, why the Jubilee year should not pass without the publication of *A Short History of Cheap Music*. This is a clear, concise, and instructive sketch of the subject, and at the same time an accurate general survey of the history of music in England during the last five-and-seventy years. The opening chapter is headed by the Shakspearian motto, "When there was no music," and, though there never was a time when music was not—for no one can indicate the prehistoric period when men did not make music—the quotation is a figure of speech correctly applied to the first five-and-twenty years of this record. The retrospect begins with the year 1811, when the price of musical publications was prohibitive, except to the few choral associations of the day, or a limited number of wealthy amateurs. It was at this date that Vincent Novello became his own publisher by issuing his "Collection of Sacred Music" in two folio volumes, no publisher being willing to undertake the risk of an undertaking for which there was then little or no demand. This collection was used by the choir of the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in South Street, Park Lane, where Vincent Novello officiated as organist. This publication, the first of a valu-

- (44) *Bruges*. Fourth edition. Desclée de Brouwere et Cie.
- (45) *Correspondance de Christophe Plantin*. Anvers: J. E. Buschman.
- (46) *Het huis van Ch. Plantijn*, met 20 fotogr. platen van J. Maes. Antwerpen: J. Maes.
- (47) *Le passé artistique de la ville de Mons*. Bruxelles: Hector Manceaux.
- (48) *Anciennes habitations civiles, militaires et religieuses, châteaux, antiquités, etc. Avec texte historique*. Bruxelles: Félix Callawaert.
- (49) *Grieksche en Romeinsche bouwkunst* met 35 platen. Gent: J. Vuysteke.
- (50) *Moderne Kunst in Nederland, Etsen*. Amsterdam: Holkema.
- (51) *Grieksche opschriften in Klein-Azië, uitgegeven door de koninklijke academie van Wetenschappen, te Amsterdam*. Amsterdam: Joannes Muller.
- (52) *Eléments d'archéologie chrétienne*. Louvain: Ch. Peters. 2 vols.
- (53) *Histoire générale de la tapisserie*. Texte par J. Guiffrey, E. Munz et Al. Pinchart; illustrations exécutées sous la direction de Léon Vidal. 25 livr. in fo. Paris: Librairie de la Société Anonyme des Publications Périodiques. Price 300 fr.
- (54) *Oeuvres de Juste Lipsie*. 1<sup>re</sup> série. Gand: Eugène van der Haeghen et Emil Vijt.
- (55) *Dictionnaire des écrivains belges et catalogue de leurs publications*. Bruxelles: P. Weissenbruch.

\* *The History of the Ancient Town and Borough of Newbury in the County of Berks*. By Walter Money, F.S.A. London: Parker & Co.

\* *A Short History of Cheap Music*. With a Preface by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. London and New York: Novello, Ewer, & Co.



able series, was issued with full accompaniments for the organ, in the place of the figured bass then used; and we are told that the innovation was viewed with disfavour by the organists of the day who loved the mystery of their craft. Even more revolutionary was the appearance of the well-known edition of "Purcell's Sacred Music," commenced by Vincent Novello in 1828, and completed in 1832 by his son Alfred, who had begun publishing in 1829. This was the first publication of the Novellos edited for the service of the Church of England, and the only important series of the kind issued since the "Cathedral Service" of Boyce (1778), of Arnold (1790), and Page's *Harmonia Sacra* (1800). The older members of church choirs strongly objected, it appears, to the separate vocal parts issued by Alfred Novello, preferring to sing from incomplete MS. copies or from the old printed scores of Boyce, Arnold, and others. These perilous innovations were soon obscured by more enterprising achievements. In 1836 Alfred Novello purchased the English copyright of Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, and issued the pianoforte score in two parts at sixteen shillings each, and the vocal parts at five shillings each. The growth of our Musical Festivals to their present importance is to be dated from this event.

Cheap music is, of course, a term of relative significance. Vincent Novello's edition of the Masses of Mozart and Haydn was considered cheap in 1825. These varied in price from two shillings to nine and sixpence. There was cheap music when Her Majesty ascended the throne, though it differed from the cheap music of to-day as this differs from that of 1861, when Mr. Henry Littleton, after twenty years' connexion with Alfred Novello, became a partner in the firm. Sir George Grove, in the preface to this short history, recollects his expenditure of the first guinea he had given to him on a pianoforte score of the *Messiah*. This was in 1837. The book can now be bought for a shilling, and a pocket edition of *St. Paul* can be had for the same sum. In 1846 the *Messiah* was advertised for publication in twelve monthly numbers at one shilling, vocal score and separate organ or piano accompaniments, "the cheapest musical publication ever offered to the public." These examples suffice to show the progress of cheapness. The gradual abolition of fiscal restrictions stimulated the spread of cheap music, equally with cheap literature. But there are points of dissimilarity between the growth of the former and the vast and sudden increase of newspapers and cheap books that succeeded the removal of the paper duty and allied taxes. The field was free to the world of newspaper proprietors and book publishers, while the earlier enterprise of the Novellos made it possible for them to carry on the campaign with such vigour that competition pursued them in vain, like panting time in the adage. Sir George Grove is undoubtedly correct when he observes that individual sagacity and enterprise would have been unavailing without improved machinery and free industrial action; but the foresight that anticipates changed conditions is always a chief element of success. There is an aspect of the law of demand not generally recognized by orthodox economists. By wise production which may appear premature, but is really opportune, a demand is created. Years before the hour was fully ripe Alfred Novello was an active experimentalist in popularizing music. It is true you may over-produce and be crippled; but it is just as true that the fear of over-production, because the direction to be taken is new, has prevented timid men from reaping a pretty harvest. Among the curious items of information relating to the past history of music and music-publishing collected in this book of the chronicles of the house of Novello, there is nothing more suggestive than the story of their early struggles with fine old prejudices—printers' trades-unionism, Excise duties, and other obstacles to free music, in which, by the way, they were not without supporters. The book is prettily got up, and contains portraits of Vincent and Alfred Novello and Mr. Littleton, etched by Mr. H. R. Robertson.

#### GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.\*

THIS is the first instalment of what has every prospect of being the noblest illustrated work on Classical Archaeology which has yet been produced. Among all living men there is probably no one who is more capable of doing justice to this magnificent subject than is Professor Brunn, the world-famed author of the *Künstler-Geschichte*, and countless monographs on classical art of all kinds. The scheme of this colossal work is a very ambitious one; it is to consist of no less than eighty *fascicules*, each containing five large autotype plates of selected examples of Greek and Roman sculpture, all executed from new negatives taken specially for the work, and printed by means of the best gelatine process in permanent pigment. Each part is to cost a pound; but as the whole issue will not be completed for six or seven years, the total cost of 80*l.* will be distributed from month to month throughout this period. If we consider the size and beauty of the plates (judging from Part I.) the work will not really be a too costly one, especially as it will include the very important text which Professor Brunn is now writing to illustrate the selected examples.

The fact is that the time has now come when a really valuable and monumental work on classical sculpture ought to be produced. The important discoveries of the last twenty years at

Olympia, Epidauros, Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Pergamus, Assus, and Ionia generally, Panticapeum, Cyprus, and other Greek islands, together with many other Greek sites, have been for the most part described and illustrated in papers scattered throughout an immense number of learned periodicals or in costly separate monographs. What we want now is a general review of the whole of this immense field of discovery, a collation of results, and a deductive lesson treated from a really comprehensive point of view; something, in fact, on a much larger scale and more satisfactory in treatment than such works, useful as they are in their way, as Mr. A. S. Murray's learned History of Greek Sculpture and Mrs. Mitchell's pleasant and well-illustrated handbook on the plastic arts of Greece and Rome.

It is difficult for us now to realize what a very recent thing the knowledge of Greek sculpture really is. It seems hardly credible that at the beginning of the present century the antiquaries of England in the main decided that the Parthenon sculpture which Lord Elgin was offering to the nation for less than the cost of its carriage was a work of the second century A.D., and that Phidias's marvellous pediment group contained as its principal figures portraits of Hadrian and his wife Sabina. It was not, in fact, till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century that the artistic and antiquarian world generally realized that such statues as the Venus de' Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and other world-famous works were not the crown and flower of Greek art, but the production (fine as they are) of a period of very distinct decadence, far below the much nobler period of Pericles, when Athens was at the height of her glory.

The five plates which Professor Brunn gives us in his first part embrace widely different dates and schools—from the very early and highly hieratic Apollo of Tenea, in which the sculptor, though working in marble, is still hampered by his respect for the primitive log-cut *xoana* of bygone centuries—down to the sleeping Barberini Faun, in which the utmost realism is expressed in every curve of the soft fleshy modelling, and most strikingly in the way in which the swollen veins of the hanging hand are indicated in an almost painfully truthful way.

Other plates, representing not marble but bronze sculpture, show the delicate capabilities of the phototype process to suggest the special textures of these different surfaces.

One very valuable addition in Professor Brunn's plates is the introduction of a mathematical scale under each statue—an important point, very frequently overlooked in such illustrations. We are glad to welcome the beginning of this much-needed work, and every student of classical archaeology will rejoice that it has been undertaken by such a master of the subject as is Professor Heinrich Brunn, and so skilful a producer of autotype as Herr Friedrich Bruckmann of Munich.

#### SIR E. SULLIVAN ON THE TURF.\*

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN has recently republished, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled *Ascot v. Monaco*, some letters which, we believe, were originally addressed to the *Morning Post* on the subject of Turf abuses and iniquities. He appears thus to intimate that his utterances have not attracted sufficient attention and to invite further criticism. There is no particular reason why he should be disappointed in either particular. He is sure to be read, for he is always worth reading; and, if he is not reviewed, it will be because racing-men are as a rule too indifferent to the opinions of those whom, rightly or wrongly, they classify as outsiders. Furthermore, it must be admitted that much of Sir Edward's diatribe lies beyond possibility of dispute by any reasonable being. That ready-money gambling, if gamble we must, is infinitely preferable to the credit system; that playing against a bank where the dice are not loaded, the cards unmarked, the roulette-board unprovided with a secret spring, and where the croupiers, if not innately honest, are so watched that practical fair dealing becomes an efficient substitute for moral rectitude, is a more sensible proceeding than backing selling-platers and jockeys' mounts, are amongst the things which any fellow can understand, and, understanding, is forced to admit their truth. Again, we shall all agree that nothing can be more absurd than inveighing against opium-smoking in China or the tables at Monaco, if we wink at or uphold spirit-drinking and betting in England; and, if the "goodies" against whom Sir Edward urges his favourite parable of optical surgery do really take this very one-sided view of our own and our neighbours' methods of dabbling in play and poison, then are the "goodies" unutterably silly. But Sir Edward has been so long the Cassandra of the *Morning Post*, has so drugged himself with his own pessimism, that he can see no good in anything (except Protection). Once embarked on his career of invective, he tries to prove too much, and, straining after effect, falls into absurdity. For instance, everybody knows that ladies who frequent racecourses nowadays bet. Whether they pay or in what way is a secret between them and their commissioners; but which of us who "follow racing" can remember seeing "a female masher, flushed, excited, and unfeminine, exchanging bets with the howling demons of the Ring"? Yet such a sight would appear to be perfectly familiar to Sir Edward, whose detestation of Turf surroundings would, one might think, have limited his opportunities of observation. Again, when he is talking of cruelty (for it seems that some one has been

\* *Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Sculptur unter Leitung von Heinrich Brunn.* Lieferung I. Munich: Bruckmann. London: Asher.

\* *Ascot v. Monaco.* By Sir E. Sullivan. London: John Davis.

complaining of the way in which horses are treated in Italy) he says:—"It is very shocking to hear the whacks resounding from the sides of the 'morti cavalli,' horses bought off the knacker's yard, in the shafts of the overloaded Neapolitan cabs; but it is a hundred times more shocking to hear the crack, crack, crack of the cruel cutting whip on the delicate flanks of the noble, generous, sensitive creatures, with coats of satin and skins as delicate as a woman's, as their riders urge them to superhuman efforts." Now this is sheer nonsense, and bad morality to boot; for, if a horse is really tortured so as to get the last ounce out of him, either between the shafts or under saddle, the cruelty in the one case is not a hundred times more shocking than in the other—it is just exactly the same, neither more nor less; but we totally deny that the suffering inflicted is the same, or even comparable in degree; for, not to mention the spirit of emulation—a strong passion in the thoroughbred, and one which, for the moment, probably renders him almost insensible to pain—let any one contrast the appearance of a Neapolitan cab-horse at the end of his journey with that of a racer after any struggle, however prolonged and severe, and there can be no doubt in whose favour, as far as outward and visible symptoms go, the verdict would be given. Is Sir Edward by chance a follower of Pythagoras? and, if so, into which of the two bodies would he himself prefer transmigration? In the next paragraph he—a man who professes to write about racing—asks almost childish questions. "What," he says, "is the plain English of such everyday sporting expressions as that 'the horse was ridden with the greatest determination,' 'was ridden right out,' &c.?" and then he proceeds to answer according to his own ideas. "What does it mean but that a strong man with sharp spurs and a cutting whip used all his strength, and his cunning, and his cruelty to urge some poor beast to impossible efforts?" Pace Sir Edward, "it" does not necessarily, or even according to "its" habitual interpretation, mean these things at all. Riding a horse with the greatest determination means that the jockey was resolved not to be shut out or disappointed, and, catching hold of his horse, shoved him vigorously home through his field. Strength and cunning are doubtless displayed on such occasions; cruelty, as we hope and believe, is rarely practised. "Ridden right out" is the usual form of expressing the writer's opinion that there was no intention of concealing the horse's form by pulling him back into the ruck when he could easily have been second or third, while "fading away to nothing" simply means that the animal thus spoken of could not go the pace or stay the distance, and so dropped rapidly astern; certainly not, as Sir Edward would have us believe, that "the poor tortured beast got faint and could struggle on no further." We are far from saying that the whip is not often needlessly applied, for it unquestionably loses more races than it wins; but we do most emphatically protest against such words as "torture" and "cruelty" being used at random. When the formidable crack, crack, crack is heard at the finish, the older jockeys are mostly hitting their boots, while the younger ones are neither strong enough, nor sufficiently master of the weapon, to inflict much pain. Let those who doubt go and examine the horses' flanks as they return to the paddocks, and see how many show marks of the whip on their satin coats. Spurs, we admit, make rather more show, though without any real injury. Sir Edward Sullivan was formerly very fond of hunting. Did he never give his mount a taste of the prickers when within three strides of a brook or bullfinch? and would he not have been highly indignant at being denounced as a torturer for so doing? "When you come to Jordan, you must gaff him, and give him the office," said the coper to Lord Wilton; and, though that refined peer avowed himself ignorant of the meaning of the phrase, he was fully alive to the necessity of the practice on occasion. From the forcible remarks on plunging with which Sir Edward concludes his first epistle he will find none but fools to dissent.

"Ascot v. Monaco" is followed by two letters under the title of "Noblesse Oblige," the first of which has for its motive the warning off of Lord Ailesbury. That a peer of the realm should have received the extreme sentence of racing law will, Sir Edward hopes, have the same beneficial result for the Turf that Sydney Smith was wont to say would accrue to railway travelling from the killing of a director. The simile has been worn somewhat threadbare; still 'twill serve, Sir, 'twill serve; only why are we to be solemnly warned against "pretending that this wretched scapegoat carries on his head all the sins of the Turf"? Who ever said or imagined that he did? and does Sir Edward suppose, as he would almost lead us to believe, that he alone amongst men of good birth sees with shame and sorrow this lowering of the pride of caste? But there is no pleasing him. He complains that amongst racing men "roguey is dismissed with a smile, rascality with a shrug"; but when roguey and rascality are summoned before the Stewards of the Jockey Club and dismissed with the heaviest sentence which it is in the power of that tribunal to inflict, we are told that the upholders of morality are humbugs, and the delinquents scapegoats—such at least we conclude to be the meaning of the following sentences:—"A peer of the realm has pulled his horses and Turf morality is scandalized! But what is Turf morality? It is difficult to define; its value is very local. A tells his jockey to 'pull' his horse; B tells his jockey his horse is 'not meant.' A is warned off every racecourse in the country, whilst B is not even censured. But what is the difference?" Well, indeed, may Sir Edward ask; and when he goes on to say that he is told that "you must be on the Turf to understand the immense difference between 'pulling' and not 'being

meant,'" we can only reply that you may be on the Turf a very long time without discovering that there is any difference at all, as an owner or jockey would find to his cost if, when haled before the Stewards, he endeavoured to screen himself with such shadowy, or rather shady, distinctions.

Letter No. 2 of the "Noblesse Oblige" couple commences with a fairly ironical recantation of previous error after the perusal of some answers which appeared in the daily papers to Sir Edward's above-noticed onslaughts on turfites. General Owen Williams was, if we rightly remember, the leading counsel for the defence, and replied temperately enough to the main charges, though, as we are unfortunately not able to refer at the moment to the General's letter, we must perforce forbear from any attempt at quotation. Sir Edward will pardon us for wishing that he had stuck throughout the chapter to the sarcastic vein, wherein, notwithstanding the recurrence of the irrepressible mote and beam, he is always especially happy; but he soon wearies of it, and lapses into more matter-of-fact lamentation, one of his sorrows being that, though "it is a sight for gods and men to see a Bendigo, Bend Or, or Dutch Oven, yet how often do we see them?" Well, not quite so often as we could wish perhaps, yet may he rest assured that the owners of such celebrities are pretty certain to pull them out as often as condition and engagements permit. He could hardly expect them to be put into overnight handicaps; and so long as he continues to frequent Ascot, he may confidently reckon upon seeing there the pick of the equine basket. Then he boldly asserts that "the Turf is the very grave of horses," and here we must take leave at once to join issue with him. The Turf is not the grave but the cradle of horses, as the foreign buyers abundantly testify, and if we choose to eat our cake in the shape of francs or Friedrichs-d'or, instead of keeping it in the national cupboard, we deserve to be lectured for our folly from a totally different standpoint. No man is more capable of doing this than Sir Edward Sullivan, but the subject is too large to be dealt with here.

Once again is the case of Ascot v. Monaco—part heard—called in court, and betting contrasted most unfavourably with Sir Edward's favourite game of *rouge et noir*. Who wishes to quarrel with his taste? Yet he seems to imply that the British turfite is shocked, and holds up his hands in horror at any form of gambling save that which has the horse for its instrument, and that an Englishman at the Monte Carlo tables is as unfamiliar a spectacle as would be an alligator in Ranksborough gorse. It is not quite easy to reconcile the writer's statement that, "When I talk about the demoralizing effects of racing I am not thinking of the Jockey Club or the upper ten thousand at all; I am thinking of the other end of the stick altogether," with his pathetic expression of sorrow over the ruin of "scores of nice, honest, generous, high-class gentlemen," with whom he had lived on friendly and affectionate terms—even without this assurance we should doubt his having rubbed his shoulders much against the other end of the stick.

The fourth letter which concludes this homily series is headed "The Turf," though "Advice to the Jockey Club" would have perhaps been a better title for an admonishment to that body herein symbolized as "The Tit-willows," who have now offended Sir Edward by their want of unanimity as to the proper method of dealing with a celebrated case which is or soon will be *sub judice*, and into the merits of which it is, therefore, impossible to enter.

His charge of want of unanimity Sir Edward can hardly pretend to substantiate; for, if we may judge by a very full report of the proceedings in Tit-willow conclave, the little birds, though they may not during argument have all chirped on the same note, did nevertheless ultimately arrive at a unanimous decision, and one, moreover, which has met with public approval so general that it also may be called unanimous. Few, if any, will be the dissentients from the pamphleteer's invective against jockeys betting; he will find on investigation that the Tit-willows are tolerably unanimous in their agreement as to the magnitude of the evil, and the difficulty of suppressing it. Nor will any one gainsay his statement that "you can no more make a jockey incorruptible than you can a policeman or a member of Parliament"; at the same time he should remember that, in our present state of civilization, the jockey, the policeman, and the M.P. are apparently necessary—nuisances, if he likes so to think—but still necessary. The instance quoted of a late member of the Jockey Club who had his horse's hocks "bespattered with dung and water" before a race in order to drive him back in the market, thus vouched for, must be accepted as true. The best and worst that can be said of it is—that it was a dirty trick.

Happily however for its friends, the diseases of the body politic of the Turf are not, in Sir Edward's opinion, quite incurable; the physician's diagnosis is appalling, but he has a remedy—heroic, he calls it; his readers can give it what name they please. The patient is to cure himself by a happy thought—i.e. the Jockey Club, after shortly giving their reasons for so momentous a decision, are to say:—"We will, therefore, agree among ourselves that we will never bet more than 100*l.* on a race"! This magic formula will make all things well; for we have it on Sir Edward's authority that "The hand of Circe could never have changed men into swine with greater celerity than such a resolution would turn black sheep into white ones." It is true that his next sentence is, "What nonsense!" and perhaps he will have more disciples as commentator than as apostle.



## BLAMELESS HYPERBOREANS.\*

FEW people can be better acquainted with the Eskimo than Dr. Rink. He has been Royal Inspector of South Greenland, and his *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo* (Blackwood, 1875) should be familiar to all students of backward races. The new publication of Dr. Rink is a translation from the Danish, and in places the version is a little obscure. It consists of two parts—the second a study, with a glossary, of the Eskimo language; the former an account of their manners and customs, with an attempt to discover their original seat and the lines of their migration.

The Eskimo are an aquatic people. They are seldom found except on the sea-coast or beside rivers. Concerning the Eskimo there is a prevalent belief that they are Communists, having neither chiefs nor separate property. This opinion is not absolutely correct. It appears, however, that of all people whom we know they most nearly approach the Aristotelian ideal of property made, practically, common by good will (*φιλότιμος*). Some Eskimo hold slaves, and in Dr. Rink's earlier book we read that on a death the eldest son inherited the boat and tent, "with the duties incumbent on the provider." Three kinds of communities exist:—The family; the house-mates, three or four families dwelling together in a house built by joint labour, and common property; place-mates, dwellers in the same hamlet. It is so interesting to see how the universal problems of society, property, and poverty are tackled by the uncivilized races, that we should devote some attention to the Eskimo manner of life. They are anything but wealthy, and, in fishing at least, they are very laborious. Comforts are distributed with great equality, and the question arises, how is this managed? The answer will be, that where communities are small, where the bond of kinship is very strong, where public opinion is orderly and omnipotent, and based on powerful sanctions of religion or superstition, there a state of society resembling Communism may flourish. There will be something like equality, and there will be no triumphs of art or of skill or of literature. We shall find a people comparatively happy, and nearly destitute of history; a people which, if destroyed by pestilence or cataclysm, would leave scarcely more monuments than the pre-glacial races. Whether this is, or is not, a more desirable condition of affairs than "the triumphs of civilization" need not be discussed. But, as far as the history of the race has been read, no other conditions of society are, or at least have yet been found, favourable to the equality and absence of extreme poverty which is one of our contemporary ideals.

We shall take from Dr. Rink's earlier work a survey of the laws affecting property. All the inhabitants of a winter station receive some share of the seals captured. Any one might fish, and use the weirs made by others. House-mates, but not place-mates, were fed by the families best off for food at the moment. "Virtually the surplus of any individual or community was made over to those who had less." But the property essential to each individual was secured to him by a kind of supernatural sanction, resembling the tabu. Apparently a man with, say, three coats was not supposed to have this protection extended to the third coat. If we suppose these rules suddenly brought into European civilization, it is plain that extensive idleness would be the first result. Those who had nothing would use up the property of those who had something—while it lasted. Among the Eskimo the community checked this, partly by exposing the idler to satirical songs at the meetings of place-mates. In places where, as in Danish West Greenland, European influence has been felt, the old communism flourishes, but the old customary obligations to work have weakened, and "the natural consequence has been impoverishment." Capital punishment is inflicted by the decision of the community on witches, and on individuals obviously dangerous to the public. Though the Eskimo are generally regarded as chiefless, Dr. Rink, in his new book, says that each house or station has its chief or patriarch. A punishment as severe as turning a man out of the house in midwinter has been noticed. There is another authority—the Angakok—a kind of Brehon, or authorized wizard and judge.

All this condition of society rests on the extreme dependence of man on man in these very small and isolated communities. To be turned out of them would be nearly equivalent to death, or, at least, to the condition of the Weendigo, the lonely ogre of Labrador. Moreover, while the development and improvement of boats and harpoons is noticed as you pass from the Western to the Eastern tribes, "the contrary may be said so far as regards social organization." The conditions for accumulating individual property are more favourable in the West, but there it is checked by a habit of making profuse gifts. A well-to-do Western Eskimo is like a rich Athenian of old. The gifts of the former answer to the "liturgies" of the latter. Position and influence are acquired by this gift-giving, and, when position is once firmly secured, we may doubt how long the giving will last. There is arising something like the system of Rank which prevails among the Indians further south. The keeping of slaves, "of all habits the one apparently most at variance with Eskimo social life," is developed. Among the Ahls, a neighbouring Indian people, "the person who gives away most property receives the greatest praise, and in time acquires the highest rank," not hereditary, "obtainable by such means." In fact, this generosity resembles that of a person engaged in "nursing a constituency."

Such is the communism of the Eskimo. The generous readiness to give is noticed among other races, such as the Samoans—where nobody used to grudge what was necessary to a person of his own kindred—and among the American Red Men, where Tanner actually saw it die out under European influence. These are the virtues of races not pressed by any competition, but either occupying huge tracts of empty country, or keeping down population by systematic infanticide. The problem of modern society is to secure the results of the virtues of savages in conditions entirely different, so different that, in place of the isolated hamlet, we have great nations frantically competing with other crowded nations, their neighbours in a little world. All this naturally suggests the conclusions of Anarchism—namely, that it is desirable to make a clean sweep of everything and of almost everybody, and to start fresh in an affectionate and guileless savagery. Short of this rather truculent method, it is not very easy to see how the conditions in which the only known kind of successful communism exists can be secured. Nor could the process be triumphant in one country alone, for that would be annexed by a powerful individualistic neighbour long before it reached the happy state of these blameless hyperbores, the Eskimo. Indeed, the same objection meets the less ferocious theories of industrial Socialism. Unless all peoples, or most, take to that plan simultaneously, the Socialistic countries will not be able to compete with their selfish rivals.

As to the origin of the Eskimo, Dr. Rink supposes that they originally dwelt in the interior of Alaska, wandered to the river mouths, spread north along Behring Strait, and "hived off" colonies to the opposite shore, to the Mackenzie River, to Labrador and Greenland. They must have moved, as they move now, in very small bands, as the region could not support larger numbers; for agriculture is not and cannot possibly be the chief industry of the Eskimo. This theory is supported by evidence as to the improved development of dress and weapons along the route. Could it not be argued that the route was in the opposite direction, and that dress and implements degenerated under new conditions?

As to religion and folklore, Dr. Rink has not very much to say in this book. Masks are used as in Greece and Mexico at the religious festivals for "devil-scaring or devil-squaring," as some one has defined the purposes of savage religion. The myths are just like those of other peoples. In place of a mangled Osiris, Purusha, or Omorca, or Ymir, out of whose fragments things were made, in Chaldaea, Egypt, India, or Scandinavia, we have a mangled woman, Arnaguagsak. She was sailing with her father in a kayak and was upset. With great presence of mind her father chopped off her fingers and hands when she clung to the boat, and these became seals and whales. Like Ino, she is now a sea-goddess.

In Eskimo *Märchen* exist "the elements of folklore," scattered incidents and characters, and situations. "They are combined in various ways, and such compilations can be taken out of one story and inserted in another." This is true of the popular tales of every people. "Finally, these elements or parts are filled out and cemented by what tends to form a new story." A communistic people do not object to plagiarism in romance. The only account of the folklore and mythology of the Western tribes is in the *American Naturalist* (July 1886), by Mr. Murdoch. The tribes descend from a dog. The swan maiden myth, found by Castren among the Samoyeds, was discovered in Greenland by Egede. It is practically universal, though in Shetland and Ashanti we have a seal or a fish-maiden in place of a swan-maiden. The Eskimo know the Symplegades, "cliffs able to clasp them."

As to language, Dr. Rink's book will be interesting to philologists. Eskimo is so "polysynthetic" that "one word is able to express a whole sentence, including subordinate sentences." This "exhibits acute and logical thought." Here is a specimen:—"uotitog" = "The hairy side of the skin is getting loose." Nothing can be more polysynthetic.

It will be seen that the history and manners of the Eskimo deserve more attention than they commonly receive. Dr. Rink leaves one question almost untouched—Have the Eskimo been in any way affected by contact, in the middle ages, with the Norsemen? Their lamps are said to have been borrowed from the Norse; but nothing else shows that they ever were in contact with the Vikings.

## NOVELS.\*

WITHOUT being able to lay claim to any very startling originality, *Molly's Story* is a distinctly readable and interesting book. It is written in the form of an autobiography, or, as Mr. Merryfield calls it, "A Family History as related by a Faithful Servant." The faithful servant in question is one "Molly Russell," who describes graphically and at some length the various vicissitudes of the Blackburn family, to whose service she has devoted her life. One cannot help wishing that these vicissitudes were not of such a uniformly disastrous character; for indeed, as the story stands, "Misfortunes of a Family" would be a far

\* *Molly's Story*. By Frank Merryfield. London: Ward & Downey.

*The Woman He Loved*. By A. N. Homer. London: White & Co.

*A Voice in the Wilderness*. By Caroline Fothergill. London: Ward & Downey.

\* *The Eskimo Tribes*. By Dr. Henry Rink. London: Williams & Norgate.

more appropriate title than "A Family History." Here is a novel after Mr. Ruskin's own heart. *Molly's Story* does not culminate in a wedding and leave to conjecture the subsequent doings of the happy pair—the reader is given a most comprehensive insight into the married life of three generations of the same family, though, alas! they are anything but happy pairs. Mr. Merryfield stands godfather to one of the chief characters in his book, and has made a most judicious selection. Squire Merryfield is a thorough type of a genial, honest, fox-hunting country gentleman. By the way, did the Nimrods of the time hunt with a pack of dogs? In the amusing account of the run in which Molly involuntarily wins the brush the huntsman tells her that "the dogs will kill directly." It would be interesting to know what kind of dogs our grandfathers used for the noble sport. The story of so long a life as that of Molly naturally embraces a large number of important historical events; but the rapidity with which she skips from one to another without any mention of the intervening years is at times rather startling. However, these are unimportant details. *Molly's Story* is decidedly interesting, and much better written than the majority of three-volume novels.

There is ample material for a most interesting and powerful story in *The Woman He Loved*; the plot is excellent, and the incidents well worked in; but there the merits of the novel end. Anything more ridiculously stilted and unnatural than the language used cannot well be imagined—even the *habitués* of the gilded saloons of a transpontine melodrama do not give vent to their feelings in so high-flown a manner as do the characters in this book, who are obviously intended to represent the conventional occupants of a matter-of-fact world. Some of the sentences are so spun out that the mystified reader has to hark back more than once to their commencement before he can disentangle the skein of ideas in which, at every word, he becomes more and more involved. The following laconic phrase will serve as an example of the author's verbosity:—

No, had he borne the uneffaceable stamp which marks the man who has seen much, and the soft, gentle edges of whose nature have been gradually rounded off by close and changeful contact with life's human stream—a contact, moreover, from which it is impossible to escape without contamination; for, though there may be the good, there certainly is the bad, and faith and trust in the mass of surging, wrestling mortals is not to be brought about by a thorough knowledge of them—he would have evinced nothing more than a listless, well-bred curiosity, prompted probably by the desire to know whether this were not a new snare flung across his path, like the old ones so terribly fraught with evil, when he had believed them good and pure; so cruelly unworthy when he had placed unhesitatingly his love and honour in their hands; only to have it ruthlessly flung back upon him.

The characters in this novel are quite on a par with the language. Gerard Clarencourt, the hero, is a precocious, pompous young pedant, who richly deserves all the misfortunes he brings upon himself by his blind infatuation for a heartless, scheming woman nearly old enough to be his mother. He talks in a patronizing and superior manner to a girl who is far and away too good for him, if only his smug self-satisfaction would let him recognize the fact. This girl, Lilian Fabyn, is the only person of any importance to the story for whom one can feel the least sympathy or respect. Her untimely death is not as lamentable as it otherwise would be, inasmuch as it releases her from wasting her love on so worthless an object as Gerard. Were it not for the trashy style in which it is written, *The Woman He Loved* would be an interesting book. As it is, one can only regret that an excellent story such as this should be so severely handicapped by unskilful treatment.

It is, indeed, refreshing to read a novel in which everything is not made subservient to a mere stringing together of more or less exciting incidents, to the utter exclusion of all that can appeal to the intellect. The author of *A Voice in the Wilderness* has skilfully avoided this far too common fault, and produced a work that is a perfect gem in many respects. In novels of the stamp before referred to, a most cursory reading will enable us to gather all that is necessary for their appreciation—if we are more conscientious and plod steadily through from cover to cover, with what is our mistaken zeal rewarded?—padding. So long as strong meat is provided for the public palate in the shape of a few thrilling episodes, the author appears to feel that he has performed his part of the contract, and that the sauce with which that meat is served is an unimportant detail. There is no padding in *A Voice in the Wilderness*; it would be hard to find a single unnecessary word in all the three volumes, more especially in the dialogue, which is concise and peculiarly happy in idea and expression. Some of the passages are most amusing and well worth lingering over, particularly Mrs. Wentworth's accounts of the various exploits of her children. The characters of these children are admirably drawn; they are original in everything, and their logic is irresistible. Under ordinary circumstances one would think no punishment bad enough for a girl who breaks two of her brother's front teeth with a ginger-beer bottle because she thinks he is drinking more than his fair share. When we hear Diana's naïve defence of her conduct we cannot help seeing the matter from her point of view, and feeling that she, after all, is the aggrieved party:—"She said that Wilfrid was taking shameful advantage of her, for the bottle being stone she was entirely dependent on his sense of honour." Could one wish for a more satisfactory explanation from a child of twelve? The reason she gives for her affection for young Sherlock is also delicious:—"She says his mind is such a perfect blank, and that a perfect blank is

a great relief to an overwrought brain." Antoinette herself, the central figure of the story, is a study; she seems to have the gift of expressing herself on any subject in such a manner as to throw an entirely new light on even the most commonplace topics, and force her hearers to view them from her own highly original standpoint. Her conversation teems with analogies, mostly new, and always appropriate. But, though her every word and action bear all the impress of a cultivated mind, yet she is never the least priggish, but a thoroughly human and lovable girl. All the other characters are natural and unexaggerated. *A Voice in the Wilderness* is a book that will bear reading more than once, if only for its clever dialogue.

#### GAME, SHORE, AND WATER BIRDS OF INDIA.\*

THE author's object in compiling this work was—he tells us in the preface to the first edition—"to remove, if possible, the difficulty that exists in tracing birds to their proper names." This object he may be fairly held to have achieved. He gives in each instance the scientific name of the species, with its derivation (from the list of the British Ornithologists Union); then, where possible, the provincial synonyms, followed by length, weight, and a description of plumage which seldom extends beyond three lines. We venture to believe this book would have been more useful to those for whom it was written if something had been added to these definitions. The book, as it seems to us, has suffered partly from undue curtailment, partly from undue detail. The author, with a view no doubt to thoroughness, has—following Jerdon's example (*Birds of India*, 1862-3)—taken us through many tribes and genera of the orders of birds with which he deals which are quite unrepresented in India. For the scientific ornithologist this scheme is superfluous, for the average Indian sportsman or observer it is beyond the mark; he would have been content to have heard less of birds who do not inhabit India, if he might have heard more of birds that do. To give one instance. We could have dispensed with ostriches, rheas, emus, and cassowaries; but should like to have been told more about the crab-plover. Here, besides a description of plumage, we get this laconic dismissal:—"Genus *Dromas*. Feet much webbed. Found in India—a remarkable genus." The genus, which contains but one species, is remarkable in more ways than one. It is conformable, in entirety, to no one type, and has been consequently in a normal condition of "moving on." Cuvier put it with the Ibises, Blyth with the Terns, Gray with the Stilts, while Jerdon regarded it as an aberrant form of Stone Plover; its nesting-places, too, were until comparatively recently but little known. But the author might have told us something of all this.

The woodcuts are clever, but not always accurate—e.g. that of the Stone Curlew, whose bill belongs to some one else, and whose skull is wrongly shaped. Colonel Le Messurier has entered this bird by a specific name that seems to show that he is favourable to the "making of species." In these days of many names the sound scientific maxim "Collate resemblances, keep clear of differences," touches us all nearly. "Crepitans"—Temminck's specific name for this bird—may not have been well chosen, but at least it has been accepted long, and it is a pity to emphasize what is at best a climatic difference by another name.

Finally, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." Colonel Le Messurier opens his book with a dissertation upon the exo-skeleton of birds in general. To do this is to begin at the wrong end of a wide subject, which should be approached quite differently, and knows no royal road. Nor is such a treatise at all necessary to the proper understanding of the book, for the descriptive nomenclature is popular rather than scientific. "Back," "bill," "legs," "feet" are terms that every one understands; and "primaries," "secondaries," "tail-coverts," every "birdy" schoolboy knows. It is a good, honest book, which well fulfils its avowed purpose; then why go and spoil it by a smattering of things beyond?

The key to the system is quite first-rate in its simplicity and comprehensiveness. It is because we think this book so useful that we have ventured to suggest some alterations which, in our opinion, would make it even more so. It has already gone through three editions; if in the next the author would add something on immature plumage, on nesting, and on habits generally, the book would be doubled in value.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH Count d'Haussonville's essays on Mérimée and on the English diplomatist who is best known as having given Frederick II. in his old days divers very good Rolands for the royal Olivers (1) have nothing particular to do with one another, they are quite welcome in a handy volume together. The latter and shorter piece requires no particular notice, though it is sympathetic and intelligent. The two hundred pages of the first contain an excellent apology for a writer whom political and miscellaneous causes combined have caused to be, as a rule, rated

\* *Game, Shore, and Water Birds of India*. By Colonel A. Le Messurier, R.E. London, Calcutta, and Bombay: Thacker & Co. 1888.

(1) *Prosper Mérimée*: Hugh Elliot. Par le Comte d'Haussonville. Paris: Calmann Lévy.



further below his true value in his own country than any other of the really great writers of this century. It is enriched with many of Mérimée's letters to Mrs. Senior and others, all of which are as charming reading as those to the Inconnue—the first Inconnue—and to Panizzi. M. d'Haussonville admits and deplores the one really great fault of Mérimée—a fault shown more in conversation than in writing—that is to say, his indulgence, not merely without regard to the feelings of his company, but often in direct disregard of those feelings, in a crude eighteenth-century impiety which was as offensive to good manners as to orthodoxy. But he protests, as all good judges of human nature who know the facts must protest, against the uncritical habit of taking the fanfaronade of cynicism for cynicism itself. In his brief remarks on Mérimée's literary work we think that he restricts the range of his admiration rather too much, though the admiration itself is certainly not too high.

M. Stofflet (2) has had the idea (pretty, if faith, la!) of writing a book about the principal persons who have illustrated in French history the pretty name of Margaret. Even Marguerite de Bourgogne gets a place, despite her evil repute; and the third of the triad of Valois Marguerites does not frighten M. Stofflet, though he "slides," as his countrymen would say, over her, and does not even mention the celebrated petticoat of pockets with a dead lover's heart in each, which the Margot of Margots wore in her fantastic, discredited, disbeautified, but still amiable, old age. Perhaps so discreet a chronicler throws away some of his chances of popularity, but he is hardly to be blamed for that.

In this age of publication of "documents," it was quite right that the hitherto unpublished Life of Beaumarchais (3) by his friend Gudin, which even biographers have hitherto been content to take on trust from the extracts of M. de Lomenie, should see the light as a whole. It could not have found a more competent editor than the joint editor of Diderot and the editor of Grimm. We may, perhaps, be able to take further notice of the bearing of these memoirs on one of the most curious and debated of life-histories.

A good deal has been written at sundry times and in divers manners on the curious, and sometimes disgusting, subdivisions of Russian nonconformity—a trait in which the Russian people, or peoples, stand distinguished from all other Continental folk—Roman, Orthodox Greek, and even to some extent Protestant. In England and in Russia only can the Dissenter be said to be an institution. He has, as regards Russia, generally been written about for foreigners by foreigners, a defect from which M. Tsakni's book is free (4).

Books on the Egyptian events of the last six years have usually had the defect of being written either by Englishmen or by Frenchmen, and thus of being almost certainly committed to a side. M. Scotidis (5), who was Greek Vice-Consul in Egypt at the time, has written a short history of the Arabist insurrection, which is free from this defect. Although anxious for the retention of the Egyptian question as a strictly international and not merely an Anglo-Turkish one, he is perfectly fair, and, indeed, decidedly favourable to England, while he is most certainly not favourable, though quite fair, to Mr. Blunt's equally unfortunate and unheroic protégé.

"Topchi's" (6) little book is a curious one, smacking more of the last century than of the present. It consists of notes by a not unknown Swede, who desires apparently to retain his incognito, of visits to most European capitals during the last eight years—notes diplomatic, political, personal, and miscellaneous. It will be found in parts worth turning over by those who are or would like to be well informed of Continental affairs and persons.

We may mention briefly a useful Map of the quarters of the French army for 1888 (Paris: Le Soudier), a new issue of M. Oger's school edition of *Le philosophe sans le savoir* (Paris and London: Hachette), an admirable little collection of last-century *Motifs décoratifs*, from A. de St. Aubin, in the sixpenny series of the Bibliothèque d'éducation artistique (Paris: Librairie de l'Art), and a useful little *Précis de pétrographie* (Paris: Rothschild). In two recent periodicals there are articles worth noting, the conclusion of the account of the French mission with Charles Edward in the last quarterly *Annales des sciences politiques*, and a paper by M. Glinel in the February *Livres on Arvers*, the famous "Mon âme a son secret" sonneteer.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**T**HERE are books whose very subject conveys an assurance of good reading. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Life and Times of John Wilkes* (Ward & Downey) is an example of this literature of fair promise. No richer or more suggestive theme could engage the practised writer. Entertaining and readable these volumes could not fail to be, and without doubt they will be read, and are, with certain deductions, worth the reading. The story of Wilkes's extraordinary career is a melodramatic farce of the most alluring kind. The romance of it is now a little blurred, perhaps, while

- (2) *Les Marguerites françaises*. Par E. Stofflet. Paris: Plon.
- (3) *Histoire de Beaumarchais*. Par Gudin de la Brenellerie. Edited by Maurice Tournoux. Paris: Plon.
- (4) *La Russie sectaire*. Par N. Tsakni. Paris: Plon.
- (5) *L'Égypte contemporaine et Arabi Pasha*. Par N. Scotidis. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.
- (6) *À travers l'Orient et l'Occident*. Par Topchi. St. Petersburg: Treuket Fasnot.

its phases of fateful irony that once seemed almost tragedy are less moving than they once were. It is impossible to make a hero of Wilkes, and Mr. Fitzgerald shuns the attempt wisely. He is more engaged with the portraiture of Wilkes as the fortunate adventurer; and this, indeed, is the more attractive aspect of the demagogue's career. In the huge farce played for the benefit of John Wilkes by friends and enemies alike, the grave constitutional issues raised were rather accidents than original elements of the plot. It mattered not who was in power—Grenville, the first Rockingham Ministry, Lord Grafton (his old crony), or Lord North—the Government and House of Commons played into the hands of Wilkes. No doubt there was luck on his side, as Mr. Fitzgerald shows; but superior wit and impudence were also his. Dealing with tricksters and their tools—the Fitzherberts and Macleanes—Wilkes showed himself the finer trickster. And so it was in every development of the game. Mr. Fitzgerald's work shows plenty of research, and is, as we said, readable. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it might have been far more readable and a good deal more entertaining. It is not a model narrative. It shows a strange neglect of those minor matters connected with method that make a book readable. Something of its lack of cohesion is attributable to haste. There is repetition in places where even recapitulation was to be deprecated. Thus Carlyle's reminiscence of Commodore Wilkes and the *Trent* is repeated, and a portion of Wilkes's correspondence that should have found a place in the first volume is dealt with in the penultimate chapter of the second. This is ingenuously accounted for by the plea that the correspondence had not been seen when the previous matter was in type. We find "Lord Littleton" on one page, and in the index, which is very incomplete, "Greville" appears for Grenville. Of Wilkes's attacks on Johnson Mr. Fitzgerald observes, "No wonder the lexicographer always spoke of Jack Wilkes with horror and dislike"—which, of course, it is easy to show by the immortal pages of Boswell, cited afterwards by Mr. Fitzgerald, is far indeed from being the truth. It is impossible to agree with Mr. Fitzgerald that Samuel Martin's reference to Wilkes in the House of Commons, which led to the duel, proves the unfairness of Macaulay's charge against the latter that he deliberately picked a quarrel with Martin. The scurrilous attacks on Martin in the *North Briton* amply justified Martin's speech and Macaulay's view of the matter.

It seems superfluous to commend at this date that invaluable compendium of statistics the *Statesman's Year Book*, edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie (Macmillan & Co.). This admirable handbook—now in its twenty-fifth year—is in method of arrangement and tabulation the ideal book for reference. What is to be sought is to be found with the minimum expenditure of time. That the vast body of information it contains is corrected to the last available date we have tested with complete satisfaction, and there is probably no fairer test than to seek among the obscurer items referring to the less known countries of the globe.

The *Official Year Book of the Church of England for 1888* (S. P. C. K.) is another vast compilation of statistics and general information, illustrating the progress of Church work and extension during the past year. The volume is extremely interesting reading as an historical record, not less than an instructive manual for reference. Any one of its numerous sections abounds in convincing proofs of the Church's activity, and it would be not a little embarrassing to decide in which direction progress is most manifested.

Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is one of a class of books that might find more favour with the projectors of the "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature." These reprints have hitherto included works already available, with one or two exceptions, to every buyer of cheap literature. The editor places Law's work second in influence only to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, though Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion* must be considered close competitors with it in popularity. Like Law's book, the last-mentioned work earned the praise of Johnson, though it is by no means so notable and did not herald a new religious movement.

The special aim of Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler's *College History of India* (Macmillan & Co.) is admirably realized. It retains all those characteristics of the author's *Shorter History of India* that are of value to the young student, and gives requisite prominence to the historical relations of India and Europe, from the earliest period to the present year. The key maps are clearly printed, every page has its date-heading, and a marginal index runs through the book.

Mr. George H. Blagrove has written a technical handbook—*Marble Decoration* (Crosby Lockwood & Son)—which has its aspects of interest to artistic readers generally, besides being an excellent manual for students. It treats of ancient and modern applications of marble in decorative art, illustrated by diagrams, and comprises a useful terminology of British and foreign marbles. The practical exposition in the opening chapters is just what students require, being lucid and compact in statement.

A "Quekett Club-Man" issues a pleasant little essay for the young amateur astronomer, *My Telescope* (Roper & Drowley), which is altogether as brightly written and as prettily illustrated as its companion, *My Microscope*. No one in possession of his first telescope, even if it be not a four-inch refractor, such as figures in the frontispiece, could desire a better introduction to the heavens.

Among our new editions are Mr. John Venn's treatise, rewritten and enlarged, *The Law of Chance* (Macmillan & Co.); Professor Dowden's *Southey*, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); the seventh edition of Murray's *Handbook to Egypt* (Murray); and Messrs. Routledge & Co.'s sixpenny reprints of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Sartor Resartus, and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, with misprints, such as "*Laborare est Orare*, Work if Worship" (*Past and Present*, p. 151); "*intolerance*" (*ib.* p. 159), and so forth.

We have also received *Voltaic Electricity*, by Thomas P. Treglohan (Longmans & Co.); *A History and Criticism of various Theories of Wages*, by W. D. McDonnell (Dublin: McGee); *Deerhurst: a Parish of the Vale of Gloucester*, by George Butterworth, M.A. (Tewkesbury: North); *Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1888*, a useful publication for careful housekeepers (Virtue & Co.); Messrs. Charles Letts & Co.'s *Household Account Book*, handier in form than the preceding and not less useful; the *Newspaper Press Directory*, 1888 (Mitchell & Co.); and Sell's *Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses and Telegraphic Code* (Sell's Advertising Agency).

Our attention has been called by Mr. OUTRAM to an article headed "The Wrongs of Mr. Furnivall," which appeared in our columns in the issue of 23rd October, 1886, and in which certain questions that had arisen between himself and Mr. FURNIVALL were discussed. Mr. OUTRAM complains of the terms of that article, and has pointed out that our observations are calculated to injure him in the eyes of the public. We desire at once to state that the remarks we made were due to a letter which had previously appeared in an evening newspaper—a letter which now turns out to have been inaccurate—and to express our regret that we should have been the means of causing Mr. OUTRAM any pain or annoyance. Facts recently made public in the case of OUTRAM v. FURNIVALL show that Mr. OUTRAM's conduct was entirely free from any suspicion of blame, and we are anxious to remove any impression adverse to him which our article may have unwittingly caused.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 33 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 1,688, MARCH 3, 1888:

The Deptford Election.  
The Sentence on M. Wilson. Mr. Cotter Morison.  
Journalism as a Profession. The New Rules of Procedure.  
The Wimbledon Rifle Meeting.  
Mrs. Bunch and her Bag. Canada. Mr. John Clayton.  
The Sweating System. The Russian Proposals.  
The Armada Monument. The Good Lawyer and the Bad Case.  
The War Office Memorandum.

Winter in the Austrian Alps.  
Fragment of the Twentieth "Provinciale."  
Exhibitions. The Metropolitan District Railway Company.  
French Plays. Mr. Arnold on Welsh Disestablishment.  
Dramatic Record. Crystal Palace Concerts.

Layard's Early Adventures.  
Novels. Literature of Belgium and the Netherlands.  
Newbury. Cheap Music. Greek and Roman Sculpture.  
Sir E. Sullivan on the Turf. Blameless Hyperboreans.  
Novels. Game, Shore, and Water Birds of India.  
French Literature. New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SUNRISE to SUNSET.** Sketches and Mezzotints by J. AUMONIER, R.L. ON VIEW at ROBERT DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY, 5 Vigo Street, W.

**ART-UNION of LONDON.**—Subscription, One Guinea. Every Subscriber receives a fine line Engraving by Lumb Stacks, R.A., A SPANISH LETTER-WRITER, from the original by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., besides a chance of one of the numerous valuable prizes. The List will CLOSE March 31. The Work is now ready. 112 Strand, February 1888. ZOUCH TROUGHTON, Hon. Secretary.

## LENT OFFERINGS.

**HOME MISSIONS of the CHURCH of ENGLAND**  
(ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY),

ARUNDEL HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.

"It would be totally impossible for the present work of the Church of England to be carried on with half its efficiency if it were not for the help of this Society in our most important places."—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"The best of the excellent Church Societies."

Lord ADDINGTON.

THE SOCIETY AIMS at bringing the good tidings of the Gospel to the EARS and HEARTS of the ignorant and indiffererent IN OUR OWN LAND.

**858 GRANTS VOTED, AMOUNTING TO £56,000 A YEAR.**

An EARNEST APPEAL is made for INCREASED SUPPORT, so urgently needed both for the maintenance of the Grants already voted towards the stipends of Home Mission Curates, as well as for affording similar Aid to numerous other PARISHES, POOR, POPULOUS, and yet ILL SUPPLIED with the CHURCH'S MINISTRY.

The employment of additional MISSIONARY CLERGY implies increased ministrations to the WANTS, PHYSICAL as well as SPIRITUAL, of the poor.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS, ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, and DONATIONS will be thankfully received. COLLECTING BOXES (for which application should be made to the Secretary) will be supplied through the local Clergy, to those who will kindly undertake to collect.

Cheques, Postal and Post-Office Orders should be crossed Messrs. COUTTS.

JOHN GEORGE DEED, M.A., Secretary.

## THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

President—The Right Hon. the EARL OF ABERDEEN. The Society supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Artificial Limbs, and every description of Surgical Support to the afflicted poor without limit as to locality or disease. CONTRIBUTIONS will be thankfully received by Messrs. BARCLAY & Co., 34 Lombard Street, E.C.; or by the Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM TREESIDEN, at the Office, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.

**CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL,** Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. The YEAR CLOSED with a DEFICIT of OVER £6,000. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond, & Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.